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THE
NATION

JANUARY 23, 1960 . . 25c

CASTRO'S CUBA

The Picture in Focus

by

Robert Taber

THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE

H. Jack Geiger

LOBBY of a MILLION GHOSTS

John O'Kearney

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LETTERS

Trujillo's Troubles

Dear Sirs: I have just read the interesting article on Trujillo by Jimenes-Grullón in your Dec. 26 issue. I will make good use of it when I have an opportunity.

I am reliably informed that Trujillo is in real trouble financially; that a leading New York bank turned him down for a loan and that the Canadian banks no longer will give him any further credit. Recently he was given an 11½ million dollar credit by the International Monetary Fund, but it seems to me that they may have made a bad mistake.

CHARLES O. PORTER
Member of Congress
Washington, D. C.

Another Deportation

Dear Sirs: Today, after having lived in the United States for thirty-one years — since she came here from Canada when she was but six years old — Mrs. Jo Ann Santiago faces separation from her husband, an American citizen born in Puerto Rico, and her three American-born children, the youngest being five years old, under a law which is a constant threat to every family — the Walter-McCarran Act.

There is still a small ray of hope left to appeal this case. Your financial help could transform this hope into reality. Please send your contributions to the Jo Ann Santiago Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1422, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(MISS) RUTH TABAK, Chairman
New York City

Nixon's Candidacy

Dear Sirs: Richard Nixon lacks the very most important and essential qualifications for the Presidency. The President must be devoted to the welfare of the whole country. He must be prepared to place this devotion above any narrow personal or factional interests. This necessary preparation Richard Nixon has never demonstrated. In his notorious campaigns he has shown himself the foulest kind of politician, willing to exploit one man's race, to accuse others of disloyalty, to give and break specific promises. His performance as President of the Senate has not been distinguished by any lesser devotion to personal advantage.

Unfortunately, American newspapers, the overwhelming majority of which are controlled by Republican interests, will continue to try selling Richard Nixon to the American people as the "best-prepared Presidential candidate in. . . ." By its own irresponsibility, the press is creating the very real possibility that a man equally as dangerous as Richard Nixon might one day see fit to interfere with its freedoms. It is in effect writing its own death sentence.

NED K. HOPKINS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Avowal on a Vowel

Dear Sirs: In regard to Fairfield Porter's review of the exhibition at the Zabriskie Gallery in your December 19 issue: It is bad enough to have to put up with Mr. Porter's New Yorkisms about the West Coast. . . . One might expect however, that he would go to the trouble of ascertaining the correct spelling of the names of the artists whose work he reviews. The painter whom he refers to seven times as Wanner is in reality Paul Wonner. Your correction of this error will be in line with Mr. Porter's concern for respect for the individual.

FELIX LANDAU
Los Angeles, Calif.

In the same mail with Mr. Landau's letter was a notice from the Longview Foundation, informing us that they had made a cash award to Fairfield Porter in recognition of his art columns in The Nation.—*The Editors.*

The Last Word

Dear Sirs: The letter of Joseph A. Boudreau in your Jan. 9 issue calls for an answer. Many writers of accepted histories, including F. A. Golder, have attempted to discredit the official records of the two visits of the Russian naval fleets in 1863, when foreign intervention was planned to break the Union blockade.

Franklin K. Lane was Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Woodrow Wilson, and in this office Lane had charge of Alaska. In the *Letters of Franklin K. Lane* (pp. 260-261) we find complete confirmation of the interpretation given in my letter of Dec. 19.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN
New York City

Regretfully, THE NATION *must now put an end to this battle of historians over the significance of the visit of Russian naval fleets to U. S. waters in 1863. More recent events have a better claim to this space.* — EDITORS

Trailing Clouds

Dear Sirs: Teacher victims of the Senate and House inquisitions are still hounded, blacklisted, denied their careers, ten or more years after the disgraceful performance of the McCarthyites and their stalwarts. It doesn't seem to matter that this brutal punishment is meted out to men and women who serve with distinction and rare dedication to the best interests of our society, when they have the opportunity.

When will the slate be wiped clean?

DAVID PERLOFF
Philadelphia, Pa.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

61 ●

ARTICLES

63 ● Castro's Cuba: The Picture in Focus
by ROBERT TABER

71 ● Registrars: Key to Nego Voting
by KENNETH N. VINES

72 ● In Search of Athens, U.S.A.
by DAVID CORT

76 ● Lobby of a Million Ghosts
by JOHN O'KEARNEY

78 ● The Doctor Shortage
by H. JACK GEIGER

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

81 ● The Allies of Hope
by PAUL B. SEARS

82 ● Paris at Night (poem)
by W. S. MERWIN

83 ● A Little Knowledge of Chin
by BENJAMIN I. SCHWARTZ

84 ● Man's Most Dangerous Path
by PHILIP SIEKEVITZ

84 ● The Part (poem)
by DENISE LEVERTOV

85 ● What's Right with Poetry?
by WALKER GIBSON

87 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

88 ● Art
by FAIRFIELD PORTER

88 ● Our Lucy (poem)
by PAUL GOODMAN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 88)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Quiet American

The first requisite of a politician is to be noticed. But, like most rules, this one has exceptions, and if the American public looks hard, it can find one right now: the Hon. Richard Nixon, Vice President of the United States. In his quest for the most fiercely lighted job in the world, Mr. Nixon avoids light of any sort: if he could change himself into a mole between now and the official start of the Presidential campaign, the chances are he would do it. What are his views on birth control in relation to foreign aid? Silence. Does he favor federal voting registrars in the South? Silence. Is the country safe from the foreign foe? Silence. Even in his triumphant settlement of the steel strike, the praises of Nixon the great compromiser were sung by Secretary of Labor Mitchell, while the wonder worker himself remained modestly aloof. (There was only one break in the publicity curtain, when the photographers happened to drop around at the end of the heal-the-wounds dinner which was the steel industry's reward for belated industrial statesmanship.)

How long can Mr. Nixon keep it up? Into the spring, one would guess; for, when you come down to it, he really isn't hot news and, in his personal make-up, never has been. And this last point, if it is valid, may be the explanation of why this particular strategy has been adopted by the Nixon brain trust. It is not only the customary caution of the Presidential candidate who is leading, but also a consciousness of the defects of the Nixon virtues. The virtues are that he is an adroit politician, a tireless climber and an opportunist of whom it can be said, as Pasteur said about discoverers, that chance favors the prepared mind. These are the gifts that God gave him, but He did not see fit to endow him with magnanimity or any of the qualities mankind admires more than it rewards. Nixon is only the All-American Boy writ large; not much different, inside, than when he was politicking at Whittier High School. This partial vacuum bothers people somewhat, and makes it necessary for the candidate to tread even more cautiously than would another in his position. It makes him favor press agents rather than press conferences, and he slides his hat into the ring where others toss it. It also dictates efforts to build him up as more of a human being. A TV columnist reports that some of the Nixon supporters are seeking a ghost writer who can provide the candidate with a sense of humor. Something can no doubt be done for him: the public image of the politician is always more or less synthesized, and more so now than ever before in our history. And Nixon needs that kind of help more than any earlier Presidential candidate.

This is not to say that he will be a weak candidate. He does have political acumen and you can fool a lot of the people a lot of the time. All that can be said is that the image-makers will leave the Nixon soul exactly what it has always been and many Americans, even while they vote for him, will have a vague and highly justified sense of uneasiness.

The Swastika Pandemic

Now that everybody has had his say on the wave of anti-Semitism which has spread over the world from West Germany, ranging from the notion that the pogroms are about to be revived to the notion that this is a fad as harmless as Kilroy and the hula hoop, *The Nation* would suggest an approach which at least has the merit of not dealing merely with symptoms. It should be obvious, at the outset, that German anti-Semitism has a special character and must be taken more seriously than swastika-scrawling in countries where the disease never took on an acute form. It is also worth noting that anti-Semitism existed in Germany and Austria long before Hitler and rose to its peak of rapine and murder in exact step with German rearmament. History is now repeating itself, as it must

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whenever understanding is deficient and earlier conditions recur. And it is clear that these earlier conditions are recurring.

Given a continuation of West German rearmament, this time with nuclear weapons, a return to something like the Hitler era is predictable. There is such a thing as a German character, as there is a French, a British, an American character. It is not that the Germans have an original nature different from the rest of mankind, or that they are incapable of change in the long run. It is only that recent experiences have left their mark on the Germans, and that there has been among them no general contrition, only a pushing out of consciousness of a disagreeable experience — disagreeable only because it ended in defeat. True, the young did not experience the defeat; but the dream and the delirium have been transmitted to some of them, and they are ready to try again.

In consequence, as the Germans are now constituted, they cannot remilitarize without simultaneously turning against elements which, in the Hitler and pre-Hitler terminology, failed to qualify as "*echt Deutsch*." Given the same stimulus they will once more override internal opposition — there was opposition to Hitler, too — and proceed methodically to persecute and finally to murder the remnant of 30,000 Jews left in Germany. Then they will proceed to murder half-Jews, and when the half-Jews are gone they will invent Jews. This is the price of taking in the Germans as full, and indeed dominant, partners in NATO. The British are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall, and it is time we saw it too. If we do not, or if we consider German rearmament as a necessary evil, we must be willing to share responsibility for what is certain to follow.

Is the Fix in on Civil Rights?

The President's political advisers have placed him in a position on the proposal for federal voting registrars which is both intellectually and morally indefensible. The proposal is simplicity itself: it calls for the appointment of federal registrars to enroll Negro voters when state registrars will not do so (see Kenneth N. Vines's article in this issue, p. 71). Asked about the proposal at last week's press conference, the President lamely replied: "I don't even know whether it is Constitutional." But of all civil-rights proposals, this one has the firmest Constitutional sanction; more important, it was advanced by a distinguished commission selected by the President himself, and was endorsed by five of its six members (the dissenter being former Governor John S. Battle of Virginia). In fact, the chief architect of the proposal is the Civil Rights Commission's Vice Chairman, Dean Robert G. Storey of the law school of Southern Methodist University (Texas), and a recognized authority on Constitutional issues.

On the question of enfranchising the Negro, at least, the white South is sharply divided; a substantial Southern opinion supports his right to vote. If, therefore, the President were to throw his support behind the proposal, he would split the opposition and might well succeed in aligning such states as Texas, Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virgina in its support. Not only would this represent a distinct political triumph, but it would insure passage of a measure sounding the death knell of Jim Crow in the South. For, as the Civil Rights Commission has pointed out, "The right to vote is the cornerstone of the Republic, and the key to all other civil rights." Moreover, there is the clearest possible factual basis for federal intervention. On this point the conclusion of the President's commission is unassailable: "Against the prejudice of registrars and jurors, the U.S. Government appears under present laws to be helpless to make good the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution."

The President's problem, of course, is that the Republican leadership has made commitments to the Dixiecrats which it thinks must be honored. To free civil-rights legislation from the Rules Committee by a discharge petition requires a majority of House members, or 219 votes; minus Dixiecrat support, the Democrats cannot muster them. At this session, therefore, primary responsibility for the fate of civil-rights legislation rests squarely on the President, the Vice President and the Republican leadership. As Senator Wayne Morse pointed out in these pages (*The Nation*, November 7, 1959), the Republicans hold the balance of power on civil rights both in the Rules Committee and on the floor of the House and the Senate. The question, then, is this: a hundred years after the election of 1860, is the Republican Party prepared to betray the Lincoln heritage? Or, stated more crudely, is the fix in on civil rights?

The Desperate Season

More and more politicians and experts on the cold war, writes a columnist, are "living in a state of quiet desperation." Most desperate of all are the high-ranking officers of our armed services and their colleagues in Congress. Their agony also has a time parameter which is as predictable as Christmas, and in fact comes two weeks after Christmas. It is in January, the month when Congress assembles and the battle of the budget begins, that the threat to the survival of the United States climbs to a plateau which is then maintained until the funds have been allocated and the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines each knows the extent of its deprivation. Then, except for sporadic outcries, there is a lull until January rolls around once more.

This year they are climbing their Calvary with a heavier cross than ever before. Even Brig. Gen. Thomas

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R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Retired), probably the most level-headed military analyst in the country, heads his column in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "America's Armed Forces Facing the Year Ahead with Feeling of Dismay." "They are waiting out the year in passive desperation," General Phillips reports, and he sounds a little desperate himself. The Army's chief complaint, if one can be given priority in a picture almost totally black, is that the Administration refuses to put Nike Zeus into production. Nike Zeus is the anti-missile missile under development by the most powerful electronics brains of the nation, yet there are those in the Pentagon who say it won't work. The Navy wants more carriers and is so poor that it can't maintain even its existing ships in top-notch mechanical condition. Yet, compared with the Army, the Navy is to be envied: the Polaris submarine program is ahead of schedule. One would think that the Air Force, the rich cousin whose income is as much as that of the Army and Navy combined, would be happy, but such is not the case. "The Air Force," General Phillips finds, "faces the missile gap . . . with a sense of desperation . . . [the missile gap] is becoming a chasm that endangers the world position of the United States. It may never be bridged. . . ."

There is only one thing more predictable than the January ululations, and that is the callousness with which the Administration responds to them, or rather fails to respond. The answer is always: $41 billion, take it or leave it, and naturally they take it. The Commander-in-Chief has spoken, and after all, he is a general himself. He calls attention to this undeniable fact and maintains that he knows more about military needs than anyone else. It takes a general to stand up to hungry generals. If they ever rejoiced that a general was President, they do so no longer. When General Phillips says they are waiting out the year in quiet desperation (it's not so quiet, actually) he explains that he means they are waiting for a new Administration which will not be so merciless. Most problems of the next President are hidden behind the veil of the future, but here is one that can be predicted a whole year before he takes office.

Verdict of the Viewers

The allegation that the private citizen can make no dent on his culture is often no more than buck-passing. When, last month, word spread through the New York area that WNTA-TV considered dropping its sponsor-poor "Play of the Week," 27,000 persons sent letters and postcards of protest to the station. Impressed by this fervent, though by no means overwhelming, expression of enthusiasm for the program, the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), one of the nation's largest corporations, has now assumed complete sponsorship of the show.

We congratulate Standard Oil for having thus responded to public demand and we congratulate WNTA on being vindicated in its belief that television can produce first-class theatre under dignified auspices. Most of all, we congratulate the 27,000 citizens who understood that their opinion *does* matter.

THE PICTURE IN FOCUS:

CASTRO'S CUBA . . *by Robert Taber*

As a CBS newsman, Robert Taber was an eyewitness to the Cuban Revolution during four critical periods: in April, 1957, he spent three weeks with Castro in the Sierra Maestra, and was the first newsman to do a radio-TV interview with the revolutionary leader; he was again in Oriente Province during the "total war" phase of the fighting in the spring of 1958; in the summer of that year, he spent two months with Fidel's brother, Raúl, watching the guerrilla fighting in northern Oriente; and a year ago he witnessed Fidel's triumphant entry into Havana. He has since returned to Cuba several times doing research for a forthcoming book, M-26: Biography of a Revolution. *The following article is based on material from the book.—Editors.*

IN *Our Man in Havana*, novelist Graham Greene wrote a farce about a debt-ridden British vacuum-cleaner dealer in Havana, who was recruited as an intelligence agent for his country. Lacking information of the sort required by his employers, the dealer began to invent it. In due course, he filed a report about a mysterious concrete platform being constructed, he asserted, in the remote, rebel-controlled mountains of eastern Cuba. Then, when pressed by his superiors for more details, he was reduced, in desperation, to drawing plans of a gigantic "secret weapon," which he said was being installed on the mysterious platform in the mountains. His model and source of inspiration: a streamlined vacuum-cleaner attachment among his wares.

Greene presented this, of course, as gentle satire, spoofing the puerile but deadly serious and occasionally frightening preoccupation of the great powers with the cloak-and-dagger fantasies of their "cold war." What the novelist did not consider, perhaps, was that such fantasies can be made credible once they are put in the frame of reference of

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propaganda to which people have already been conditioned.

Thus, David Sentner, in the Hearst Headline Service newspaper column "Washington Window," of November 12, 1959:

> Are Red Russian military technicians helping the anti-American Castro Cuban government to build a missile base?
>
> There is a gigantic concrete "emplacement" in Camaguey Province in Cuba, nearing completion. It is marked "Off Limits" by the Cuban authorities and it is heavily guarded by Castro soldiery.
>
> This much our intelligence agents know, but no more.

The Hearst columnist goes on to say that there is "evidence" that small arms were smuggled ashore from Russian submarines during the struggle against Batista, adding that there is, however, "*no corroboration to date* of the new Cuban regime having received any missiles," i.e., from the Soviet Union.

The plain inference is that the Cubans *have* received Soviet missiles, smuggled ashore from Russian submarines, and that this will soon be "corroborated."

Presumably, no one has yet plagiarized *Our Man in Havana* to the extent of sending drawings of vacuum-cleaner attachments to our Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. However, much of the reportage on the Cuban scene during the past year supports the suspicion that even this might not be too much to anticipate.

THE FACT is that the "gigantic concrete emplacement" mystery of the Hearst newspapers differs only in degree, certainly not in kind, from the great bulk of what has been reported in the press and on radio and TV in the United States concerning the Cuban Revolution since Dictator Fulgencio Batista's precipitate flight from Havana on New Year's Day, 1959. We have witnessed a virulent press campaign, concocted of ignorance, half-truths, name calling, connotative misdirection and outright fabrication, all tending to erode the first bright image of the revolution and to discredit its leadership.

One must concede at once that the Cuban revolutionaries themselves have provided, gratis, a great deal of the ammunition which has been hurled against them. Fidel Castro's off-the-cuff remark that in the event of United States military intervention in Cuba ". . . twenty thousand *gringos* would die!" was scarcely calculated to endear him to the North American press or people. He has added a great many provocations to this initial one since last January. Oratorical intemperance, a Cuban flair for exaggeration, and a failure to take account of other people's prejudices, have all contributed to damaging misunderstandings.

It is barely possible that a more adroit public-relations effort vis-à-vis the United States might have eased some of the strain. But one must instantly add that no amount of oil spread on troubled waters could have ameliorated the underlying conflict of interests of which the surface storm of propaganda is merely symptomatic. Nor could clever press relations long have concealed this paramount fact: *The Cuban Revolution was and is, above all, a Cuban declaration of independence from the United States.*

This is what made it certain that Fidel Castro's U.S. press notices would be mostly unfavorable. They could not have been otherwise.

IN ORDER to understand the nature of the conflict, one must consider briefly the status of the island before the revolution, and then proceed to review the developments of the past year.

From Cuba's founding as a republic in 1903 until December 31, 1958, when the Batista regime abruptly collapsed, the country was for every practical purpose a United States colony, captive both economically and politically. Its first constitution gave the United States the privilege of intervening in Cuban affairs, both internal and external — a privilege invoked more than once under the detested Platt Amendment, which was not abrogated until 1934. Cuba's trade treaties were written in Washington and Wall Street. The greater part of its resources—sugar, mineral rights, public-utility concessions, cattle lands — were controlled by U.S. capital. In such circumstances, it can scarcely be doubted that the succession of rapacious professional politicos who ruled Cuba during most of the half-century or so of its republican existence were necessarily the caretakers of a vast amount of American, rather than Cuban, wealth. And whatever else he may have been, the dictator who fled to Santo Domingo on the first day of 1959 was one of these — a discredited, dispossessed custodian of the Yankee dollar.

A SIZABLE part of the Cuban business community — the small merchants and the economic nationalists of finance and industry — had opposed Batista and made common cause with Fidel Castro's bearded revolutionaries for reasons of their own. But to the extent that these Cuban businessmen understood the radical *fidelista* program, set forth in all its essential details as early as 1953, they were wary of him. At best, they wished him only a limited success — that is, they hoped that he would serve as a cat's-paw to destroy the Batista regime, but that he would subsequently be forced to accept a "liberal" coalition government representing their interests. If worst came to worst, they felt, it would probably be possible to "do business" with Castro, very much as business had been done with other nominally popular governments in the past.

Fortune magazine, discussing the question of agrarian reform under the Castro government in its September, 1959, issue, put the matter very well:

> If the rich, powerful and normally cynical Cubans began to be disquieted by the realization that giving land to somebody involved taking it from somebody else (i.e., themselves), they didn't raise the point. Some prominent citizens thought that the new hero was merely making appropriate noble noises, and that when the excitement subsided, he would give them the cordial and cooperative government they liked.

That impression certainly prevailed among the rich, powerful and normally cynical Americans with a

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stake in Cuba, and no doubt was shared by Washington as well.

These cynics were soon disappointed. Even before Fidel had reached Havana, the "noble noises" of the *fidelistas* were echoed by the crash of revolutionary rifles as the first and worst of some 550 war criminals, notorious torturers and mass murderers of the Batista regime died before firing squads.

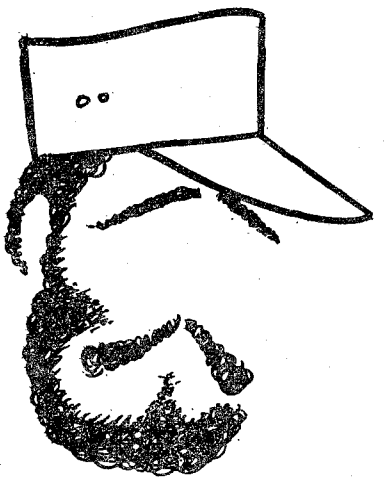
At the outset, Castro installed a politically "equidistant" government in the Presidential palace in Havana. Only a few of its members were actual revolutionaries. However, any hope that the conservatives of the new Cabinet would soon restore "business as usual" was speedily dashed by the realization that the provisional government was not, in fact, governing. The administration of state affairs, like the trial and execution of the war criminals and the reorganization of the armed forces, remained in the hands of Fidel Castro and his supporters.

A month after Batista's overthrow, Fidel accepted nominal as well as actual authority by becoming Prime Minister. The Cabinet was reorganized, and the long-promised social revolution got under way.

A HORRENDOUS outcry had already arisen in the United States press in reaction to the war-crimes trials, which were seen as a portent of the intransigent radicalism of the Castro movement.

The island of Cuba, of slight interest to the newspaper-reading public during seven years of struggle against the Batista dictatorship, was suddenly rediscovered only "ninety miles off our shores, site of the American naval base that guards our southern defenses, anchor of our defense of the Panama Canal, and key to the future of Latin America . . ." An army of American journalists flocked to Havana, and torrents of sensational, adjective-packed prose — more than had been written during the two preceding years of civil war — began to flow back. Members of Congress took up the cry. Republican Senator Capehart of Indiana perceived "the spectacle of a bearded monster stalking through Cuba." Representative Wayne Hays, possibly better informed about the sugar-beet industry of his own Ohio than about Cuban affairs, demanded to know what the State Department intended to *do* to "calm Castro down, before he depopulates Cuba." *Time* magazine informed its readers that the *fidelistas* were taking revenge on a conquered foe, and listed among "typical victims" the name of Alejandro Garcia Olayon, a naval officer accused of having roasted six persons alive, and of having supervised the slaughter of some three hundred persons, after an abortive uprising in Cienfuegos in 1957.

The campaign abated somewhat as understanding dawned that the revolutionary tribunals, although following a code of Cuban rather than Anglo-Saxon juridical procedure, were administrating strict justice, that there was no slightest question as to the guilt of those condemned, and that all sectors of the Cuban population, as well as the Catholic clergy itself, stood amazed at the furore of foreign criticism. Perhaps it was perceived, too, that the revolutionary government did not seem to be doing anything so revolutionary in its first month in office that it would seriously jeopardize the $850,000,000 of private U.S. investment capital in Cuba.



Bohemia, Havana
Fidel Castro

Fidel's accession to the Premiership in February signaled an important consolidation of power by the *fidelista* movement. To quote *The New York Times* of February 22:

> The action of Fidel Castro in personally taking over the office of the Premier of the Republic of Cuba reflects his recognition of the fact that the people accept him as their supreme leader. The truth is that they regard him as not only Premier in the Government of Dr. Manuel Urrutia, whom he proclaimed President, but as the very Government itself.

Precisely so. It does not follow, however, that opposition to the revolutionary process had ended, as we shall see.

In mid-April, the Cuban Premier made a visit to the United States that seemed, briefly, to promise improved relations with Washington. But friendly gestures were no substitute for deeds; basic conflicts of interest, both economic and political, proved irreconcilable, and the *rapprochement* failed to "take." Cuba had embarked on a revolutionary course from which there has been, to date, no turning.

On the political plane, Castro made it clear that his government had no intention of following, in blind submission, Washington's lead in the cold war. He said that although his revolutionary movement was "not Red, but olive green" (a reference to the color of the revolutionary uniform), it did not intend to persecute the Cuban Communists of the *Partido Socialista Popular*. With regard to the island's foreign policy, he said that Cuba would choose its own path, both politically and in its commercial relations with other countries. United States interference in matters related to Cuban defense — specifically the question of some British aircraft which Cuba sought to buy and the State Department persuaded Britain not to sell — subsequently produced the statement that if the island could not satisfy its needs in the West, it would do so "elsewhere," i.e., in the Communist countries, if need be.

In the United Nations, where Batista's representative, Nuñez Portuondo, had been considered the bellwether of the United States' "solid Latin American bloc," Cuba broke the united front for the first time by abstaining from voting on a U.S. proposal to postpone debate for another year on the question of seating Communist China.

A mere glance at the bare bones of

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the *fidelista* economic program is sufficient to disclose the reasons for the attraction that it originally exerted on the economic nationalists in Cuban business and banking circles. The same facts and figures reveal as well, however, the basis of future opposition to the movement on the part of other, larger and more powerful, economic interests in Cuba and in the United States.

The promised diversification of agriculture meant that Cuba could hope to stop spending $20 million annually on Texas and Louisiana rice, and even greater sums on U.S. canned food products and bottled beverages, and produce its own. Protective tariffs and government aid to fledgling native industries promised to create both higher employment and an expansion of domestic markets, based on the increased purchasing power of a more productive labor force. Agrarian reform, to turn half a million squatters and itinerant agricultural workers into prosperous small farmers, held out the same hope of greater general prosperity and a better distribution of the nation's wealth.

And all of these measures, as well as others in prospect, signified something else of great importance: an end to the flight of capital, principally in the form of sugar profits, that had been flowing from Cuba by the hundreds of millions of dollars over the years, never to return.

IF IT seems paradoxical to say that sugar was the island's principal source of income and at the same time an incubus on the Cuban people, it is because a simple fact has not been considered: fully 40 per cent of the nation's sugar production, with an annual value of more than $600 million, was firmly in the hands of U.S. corporations in 1958. (In the past, the percentage had risen as high as 70.) An additional 10 to 20 per cent was controlled by Canadian, Spanish and other foreign interests. Thus less than half of a product accounting for nearly two-thirds of Cuba's national income, and fully 80 per cent of her export, was actually controlled by Cubans. And even the profits accruing to the Cuban sugar barons did not remain in Cuba: most of the return was banked or invested abroad.

The same conditions applied with respect to the great cattle ranches, to the nation's mineral wealth (90 per cent in American hands), to its oil (owned entirely by British and American corporations), to its public utilities (80 per cent American-owned).

The importance of such facts cannot be exaggerated. They are the essence of economic colonialism, which requires neither a Colonial Office nor a colonial army to maintain itself when native politicians gladly serve as overseers at lower wages.

At bottom, economic colonialism has its basis in the same circumstance as feudalism: the monopoly control of a nation's wealth, in the one instance by foreigners, in the other by an oligarchy of one's own wealthy and powerful countrymen.

CUBA suffered from the two afflictions at once. Until the agrarian reform, fewer than 8 per cent of the property holdings in Cuba accounted for nearly 75 per cent of all cultivated land. That is to say, three-quarters of the agricultural resources of an agricultural country the size of England, and with a population half again that of Ireland, was in the hands of a few dozen wealthy Cuban families and giant U.S.-owned sugar and cattle corporations.

The social consequences of such a maldistribution of wealth are obvious enough. Cuba's illiteracy rate was one of the highest in the hemisphere, 33.5 per cent. A million Cuban women and children had never worn shoes. Half a million *campesinos* had never tasted milk, or meat. More than a million had never had even the most rudimentary medical care. Thousands of *guajiros* in the Sierra Maestra were as isolated from the rest of the nation as though they lived on an island in the Pacific, without roads, communications, or any contact with the outside world.

Where was the sound economy, the prosperous nation, of which Batista's American public-relations agents used to boast? The sugar corporations were prosperous. The great cattle ranchers were prosperous. But who was paying the bill?

Felipe Pazos, one of the prominent bankers of the anti-Batista movement, has said that graft on public works alone during seven years of the Batista administration came close to $500 million on a total public-works budget of less than $800 million. Cost estimates were customarily doubled, and the rake-off apportioned among the thieves. Such practices extended into every aspect of the nation's economic life. A report written by Robert Alden in *The New York Times* of January 5, 1958, described "the agent of the government, the man with the outstretched palm who is the key figure in the large-scale corruption in Cuba":

> The owner of a small food store says: "I pay $2 to the 'collector' every time I pull the shutter of my shop in the morning. I pay $2 when I pull it down at night."
>
> The taxicab driver pays the "collector" $1 for the right to stay at his taxi stand for three hours, and, depending on their volume of business, a precise scale of payment is exacted from each of thousands of street vendors.

In February, 1958, it was estimated that nearly 27,000 Cubans lived on the proceeds of gambling; 11,500 lived by or on prostitution; 5,000 lived by begging (Report of the Cuban National Council of Economy, 1958). The "collector" extracted tribute from them all.

The money lost on the Havana gaming tables by American tourists lined Batista's pockets and those of American gangsters in Las Vegas, Cleveland and New York. Corporation taxes were low, for the benefit of foreign investors, and the Cuban *latifundistas* paid more in bribes than in taxes. The tax on an annual income of $1,000,000 never exceeded 10 per cent, and even this was seldom paid. But the middle classes groaned under taxation, and the working classes sweated to pay for imported rice, beans and canned goods; the United States enjoyed a trade with Cuba which ran to more than $10 million a month in its own favor.

Of the total Cuban labor force of 2,204,000, some 361,000 persons were wholly unemployed throughout 1957; 150,000 were employed only part of the time; 154,000 were en-

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gaged in unremunerated labor — e.g., as domestic servants, working for their meals and lodgings. Of 1,539,000 Cubans gainfully employed, 954,000 earned less than $75 a month in a nation where the peso was on a par with the dollar and had even less purchasing power in Havana than in New York.

The nation's free gold and dollar reserves, depleted by assaults on the Treasury and an unfavorable trade balance with the United States, were down to $110,000 by the end of December, 1958. The incoming government was faced with a current deficit of more than $50 million and a national indebtedness of close to $1.5 billion.

The revolutionary Provisional Government, coming to power in January, abolished the worst of the abuses of the Batista regime at a single stroke:

¶Thousands of government sinecures were eliminated, along with the subsidies which had been paid, for political reasons, to most Cuban newspapers and to many Cuban journalists.

Revolucion, Havana

¶A ministry for the recovery of stolen property set to work to recover millions of dollars in cash and more millions in property illegally acquired under past regimes. Scores of contractors who had accepted "kickbacks" on public-works contracts were forced to disgorge their illicit gains, and the estates of former government officials, acquired dishonestly, were confiscated by the state.

¶Home and apartment rentals were reduced 30 to 50 per cent, bringing dwelling rentals to what were considered more reasonable levels and at the same time injecting a considerable amount of fresh capital into the economy at the consumer level. The effect was much the same for Cuban wage earners as though they had received a sizable increase in pay, and the benefits were immediately felt, also, by thousands of retail merchants.

¶Mortgage rates were reduced in order to provide relief for the smaller landlords.

¶Under a Cabinet decree, owners of idle property in urban areas were compelled to build on their vacant lots, or to put them up for sale to builders, in an effort to create employment, to end real estate speculation and to provide desperately needed urban space for industrial development.

¶Tax laws were revised to reduce the number of different taxes by about two-thirds and to provide a more equitable distribution of the tax load. Collections were rigorously enforced, and thousands of tax-dodgers now found themselves paying not only current but past taxes, which they had thought to evade. (Of 30,000 members of Havana's twelve most exclusive clubs, it was found that only 6,000 had ever even filed tax returns.)

Although there was some grumbling, principally among landlords whose rentals were reduced, the reaction to the first reforms of the new government was generally favorable. The business classes had asked for honest government, and they discovered that they were getting it "for almost the first time," said *The New York Times* correspondent Herbert Matthews, "since Columbus discovered the island."

It quickly became evident, however, that the provisional government had no intention of stopping at this point.

The big U.S.-owned utility companies were next to feel the effects of reform. Government interventors were installed to oversee the affairs of the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, a $300,000,000 subsidiary of the American & Foreign Power Corporation, supplying 90 per cent of Cuba's electrical power. After an inspection of the books, the company was ordered to extend its rural service and to reduce its rates by 30 per cent.

The books of the Cuban Telephone Company, a subsidiary of International Telephone & Telegraph, representing a $115,000,000 investment, were also examined. Rate increases which had been granted by the Batista government were abolished, and the company was ordered to improve its notoriously inadequate and inefficient service.

The government had already armed itself with authority to impose controls on currency and imports, to halt the flight of Cuban capital and to restore a lopsided balance of payments. Within the first few months of the new administration, imports were reduced by more than 30 per cent, the curbs being applied primarily to non-essential goods—e.g., bottled alcoholic beverages and television sets. Since Cuba had been the world's sixth greatest market for U.S. manufactured and agricultural products, it is not surprising that there should have been repercussions. The worst fears of U.S. investors were confirmed in June, with the promulgation of the Agrarian Reform Law.

THE distribution of idle government land holdings to landless *campesinos* had already begun. *Guajiros* in the Sierra Maestra who had lived for generations on land nominally owned by absentee landlords under ancient Spanish grants had

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also been assured of title to their plots. The next step—under the Agrarian Reform Law—was to invoke the provisions of the Cuban Constitution of 1940 which, although never enforced, had strictly forbidden the holding of *latifundios*, i.e., more than a thousand acres in a single property.

Exceptions were permitted in the new law to allow maximum holdings of 3,316 acres in rice and cattle lands—where it could be demonstrated that such holdings would be in the interest of more efficient production.

Holdings beyond the legal maximums were subject to expropriation, the land so acquired by the state to be distributed among Cuba's 700,000 landless peasants, with preference to be given to the sharecroppers or squatters actually living on the expropriated property. Each family was assured of two *caballerias* (66⅔ acres) gratis, and the privilege of purchasing three additional *caballerias*.

The law forbade the ownership of sugar-cane holdings by mill owners, the purpose being to break up the large monopolies in the interest of the peasants and small cane-growers. Ownership of Cuban land by foreigners, whether acquired by purchase or inheritance, was forbidden, and likewise the ownership of land by stock companies in which foreigners might hold shares.

THE owners were shocked by the compensation offered for the property to be expropriated: twenty-year government bonds bearing 4½ per cent interest. Although they had for many years enjoyed extremely low taxation as the result of minimal assessments, they were now dismayed to learn that expropriation payments would be based on these same evaluations.

The American press was prompt to denounce the agrarian reform as confiscatory. The complaints of the sugar cartel were translated into the language most familiar to the American newspaper-reading public: the land-reform program was a Kremlin-inspired plot to destroy free enterprise. In Washington, there was talk of reducing the Cuban sugar quota, an idea particularly appealing to the sugar Senators of Louisiana and to those legislators with an interest in Hawaiian and Puerto Rican cane sugar or U.S. beet sugar. (The question comes up for action in the current session of Congress.)

Altogether, nearly two million acres of cane-land owned or controlled by United States interests was marked for expropriation, final action being deferred until after the 1959-1960 *zafra*, or winter harvest, so as not to interfere with sugar production. The first of the big American-owned cattle ranches to be expropriated, the 33,500-acre King ranch in Camaguey, was formally seized by the Agrarian Reform Institute on November 15. The total extent of other American-owned ranches and other holdings marked for expropriation is thought to be about a million acres.

In Havana, the government launched what was viewed as another "shaft" aimed at U.S. business interests: a 5 per cent tax on the value of minerals extracted by mining companies, and a 25 per cent tax on the value of minerals or ores exported from Cuba. A subsequent measure brought the oil deposits of the island under the control of the industrial division of the Agrarian Reform Institute.

When, in November, the Havana government suddenly and without explanation replaced Dr. Felipe Pazos as president of the Cuban National Bank with one of the most radical of the Cuban revolutionary leaders, Dr. Ernesto "Che" Guevara, it was felt that the worst had indeed come to the worst.

IT IS easily possible to trace a rough correspondence between the policy decisions and actions of the revolutionary government and the rise and fall of the decible level of the anti-Castro propaganda campaign in the United States and elsewhere.

The journalistic image of Fidel Castro varied, even during the struggle against Batista, in ratio to the assessment made of his intentions and capabilities in financial and diplomatic quarters. One saw, in succession, the romantic bourgeois hero (supported by the "best elements" of Cuban society), the potentially dangerous fanatic ("Burn the cane! After Batista we will have a *zafra* of liberty!"), the bearded leader of what Senator Ellender called "a bunch of bandits, burning sugar plantations."

By the end of the first month of *fidelista* control, the international wire services and their clients in the United States were in full cry against the new government, and it was difficult to distinguish the "liberal" journals—which had hitherto viewed Castro with cautious sympathy — from the most reactionary. The burden of the wave of criticism was humanitarian concern for the "victims" of the revolutionary tribunals, but the underlying preoccupation was apparent in speculation as to the probable economic orientation of the new regime.

As early as January — Fidel's first month in power — *U.S. News and World Report*, among other conservative journals, was inquiring as to the possibility of a dictatorship taking shape in Cuba, and it may be significant that, during the same period, Associated Press analyst William Ryan, for one, perceived the clear possibility of U.S. intervention to save Cuba from "chaos."

IN MAY, with the beginning of the "Communist beach head" scare, initiated on television and echoed by the Hearst press, there was renewed talk of intervention, this time to save Cuba not from chaos but from communism. United Press International's vice president, Lyle C. Wilson, speculated that Communists *probably* would "take over" the Cuban government, and predicted that in such a circumstance "the United States would promptly apply force to prevent the Reds from getting a foothold in the island Republic," adding: "The United States wouldn't tolerate communism in our back yard."

The attempts of the Havana government to cope with the increasingly disruptive conspiracies of counter-revolutionary elements both inside and outside of Cuba during the summer and fall of 1959 simply provided more fuel for the anti-

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Castro press campaign. The technique employed to discredit the revolutionary leadership is illustrated in the following excerpt from *Newsweek* magazine's edition of November 9:

> The revolutionary tribunals are coming back, and so are the firing squads. The mob has shouted its approval of Premier Fidel Castro's plan to arm the peasants and the workers. . . . They are not a bloodthirsty people, these Habaneros who keep crying "To the firing squad!" The trouble is that they've been so brainwashed that whatever Castro says they automatically believe.

Who is trying to brainwash whom — and with what object? To be evaluated properly, the above quotation should be compared with another, published about the same time, from Hearst columnist David Sentner:

> *Washington*: The United States must immediately lead a movement by the Organization of American States and the U.N. for the replacement of the Communist-dominated Castro regime in Cuba. Otherwise within six to eight months, many other Latin American nations will follow the Castro pattern and confiscate all American property.
>
> So predicts Dr. Emilio Nuñez Portuondo, former U.N. Security Council President and distinguished Cuban diplomat. . . .

Sentner does not trouble to identify the "distinguished Cuban diplomat" as Batista's former United Nations representative or as the so-called "intellectual leader" of the anti-Castro *batistianos*-in-exile with headquarters in Ciudad Trujillo. However, he does say that the Castro regime has placed "a big death-price" on Nuñez Portuondo's head, and goes on to quote him at length concerning an alleged plot, instigated by Moscow and Peking, to "communize" Cuba.

It is not too difficult to see the relationship between the *Newsweek* article and the Hearst columnist's interview with Nuñez Portuondo. The one, painting a lurid picture of an evil, tyrannical, menacing regime, prepares U.S. public opinion for what the other bluntly proposes: an overt military attack on that same regime in the name of humanity, or self-defense, or something equally moral.

Thus it would seem that Fidel Castro's apprehensions with regard to the possibility of foreign intervention, dismissed in the American press as mere ranting or evidence of paranoia, could have some basis. And hence the preoccupation in Havana with counter-revolutionary conspiracies, both at home and abroad. The possibility of a successful counter-revolution in Cuba at the present time is so remote as to be non-existent. On the other hand, the existence of a counter-revolutionary force, small but well financed, with a firm base in Santo Domingo, powerful backing in the United States and a manpower pool of former Batista soldiers, policemen and displaced petty officials in Cuba itself, does pose a serious threat to the revolution.

It was, after all, the *fidelistas* themselves who demonstrated how much confusion could be sown, and how much damage done to an economy, by a handful of fanatics.

But this is to discuss the lesser evil. The real danger lies in the use to which the *appearance* of a counter-revolution could be put — if the United States were inclined to intervene in Cuba. A widespread, lasting campaign of terrorism, endangering American lives and property, would most certainly produce a ringing appeal for outside aid, in which Cuban conservatives would join. And although Washington—recalling the world-wide political repercussions of its thinly disguised intervention in Guatemala in 1954—would not be anxious to follow the same course again, it is easy to see how Nuñez Portuondo's plan might be adopted, i.e., United States military intervention under the aegis of the Organization of American States.

A Chilean View

Topaz, Santiago

Uncle Sam: "Each Day That Rumba Looks More Curious."

HOW MUCH of the sound and fury of the U.S. press campaign, with its incessant theme of Communist "infiltration" in the Caribbean, has been justified by the actual developments of the first year of revolutionary government in Cuba?

From the point of view of the great Cuban landowners, the import-export bankers, the sugar cartel, the immediate dollar interests threatened, no doubt *all* of it is justified. From a more liberal, not to say more humane, position, very little indeed.

The picture of a Cuba dominated by Moscow or Peking is not supported by a nose-count of Communists in its government or in the armed forces. Their number is negligible, their influence minimal. Nor do the results of last year's union elections vindicate the notion of significant Communist influence in the ranks of organized labor. In the 500,000-member Sugar Workers Federation, to cite an instance, Communist candidates were elected in only eight of 243 locals. Not a single Communist was elected to the executive board of the Confederation of Cuban Workers.

The revival of the revolutionary tribunals in October was the Castro government's answer to a series of counter-revolutionary threats dating back to August, when an invasion from Santo Domingo was aborted with the capture of a planeload of arms sent by Dominican dictator Rafael Trújillo. The civil courts, rubber stamps for the Batista regime, had not yet been sufficiently reorganized to cope with any large number of trials or to dispense the speedy justice which would serve as a deterrent to further insurrection.

Further conflicts of ideology and interest are inevitable. It would be remarkable if a far-reaching social and economic revolution could be achieved in any country without such conflicts.

Fidel Castro is by no means above

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criticism. He has leaned far too heavily on his own political gifts, his personal influence, his oratorical skill, to solve the pressing problems with which he has been confronted. The result has been an appearance of demagogy which has alienated many of his erstwhile supporters and awakened deep concern even in the most liberal quarters.

The question remains whether it would have been possible to implement the program which has given the Cuban masses their first glimpse of hope, and the island the first honest government in its history, by less arbitrary, more conventional methods. One concludes, however reluctantly: no.

THE history of half a century of parliamentary procedure and ballot-box representation provides almost overwhelming evidence of the simple fact that political democracy is meaningless without a generous measure of economic democracy. The introduction of the ballot box in Cuba heralded nothing more than an exchange of absentee landlords, Spanish for American, and the rise of a class of scavenging professional politicians whose hire was the loot of a rampant spoils system and whose ultimate effect was to pave the way for the ultimate disaster: Batista. It is certainly not surprising that Fidel Castro considers a public-opinion poll or a show of hands in the park in front of the Presidential palace a relatively satisfactory substitute for national elections. Nor is it surprising that the great mass of the people in Cuba today show little interest in the subject.

The Cuban conservatives who are presently calling for elections are precisely those individuals who have had the most experience at manipulating the electoral process for their own private ends. It is most improbable that any candidate opposed to the *fidelista* program, or not endorsed by the revolutionary movement, could win an election in Cuba at this time. But there is no doubt, either, that an election campaign would serve as a sounding board for the spokesmen of powerful reactionary interests, would sow confusion and help to revive a counter-revolutionary effort not yet fully under control. It would profoundly dishearten the Cuban man in the street who has learned through half a century to equate the ballot box with the pistol, the dishonest peso, and the privileged few who have been the exponents, practitioners and principal beneficiaries of Cuban elections.

CERTAINLY a great deal is at stake for the Cuban people. The organization of some 500 agricultural cooperatives, the construction of hundreds of schools, hospitals and low-cost housing units, early evidence of a new economic independence signaled by increasing production of rice and other staples, all indicate how great the stake really is.

For the United States, too, the stake is high, regardless of how such questions as the matter of compensation for expropriated U.S. properties are worked out. Cuba is the focal point of a manifestation that seems certain to spread farther in the hemisphere, and the United States can hardly afford to be indifferent. To cite a relevant passage by Herbert Matthews in *The New York Times*:

> About one-quarter of all our exports go to Latin America and one-third of our imports come from the area. United States private investments in Latin America now reach the amazing total of about $9.5 billion. . . . At every point it has to be said: "If we did not have Latin America on our side, our situation would be desperate. To be denied the products and markets of Latin America would reduce the United States to being a second-rate nation and cause a devastating reduction in our standard of living. . . . Latin American raw materials are essential to our existence as a world power. A friendly Latin America is necessary to our military security."

Apparently this, and not the mere dollar investment in Cuba, big as it may be, is the heart of the matter. The question remaining is—what to do about it?

It was the end of World War II that marked the close of the colonial period and the beginning of a wave of profound political, social and economic change throughout the world. In every instance, the essential drives are the same: for independence, self-determination, economic emancipation, social justice.

In the underdeveloped agricultural nations—and that defines most, if not all, of the American republics—the essential first step toward freedom is: agrarian reform. To withhold that is to withhold everything. To attempt to defend a dying feudalism is to face not the risk, but the certainty, sooner or later, of losing—everything.

"Whether history will record Cuba's Fidel Castro as an earnest patriot or a fellow-traveling adventurer," writes our former ambassador to India, Chester Bowles, "is anybody's guess. But one fact is already clear. His land-reform program . . . is indubitably in line with Latin American sentiment."

It is perhaps natural that the powerful interests threatened by social and economic change in Cuba and elsewhere should try to stem the tide. But it is not well-advised, and it would be a pity if their influence were to prevail in Washington.

Talk of punishing Cuba by cutting the sugar quota is nonsense. Cuba is not merely the world's major sugar producer, but virtually the *only* sugar-producing country that does not consume the bulk of what it produces. Cuban sugar supplies the need of the entire eastern third of the United States, and it is a vital supply, price-supported not merely because it is in large measure U.S.-owned, but because it is indispensable, as has been demonstrated in two world wars. To threaten economic sanctions against the Cuban government is to invite retaliation; e.g., Cuba could easily double its sugar production and dump a vast and ruinous surplus on the world market in defiance of all existing marketing agreements.

FIDEL CASTRO remains as much the symbol of revolution—and of hope—in Latin America at large as he was for Cuba during the long struggle in the mountains of Oriente. The same forces that produced the Cuban revolution are at play throughout the hemisphere; the same aspirations that kindled the imagination of the *guajiros* of the

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Sierra Maestra and the bank clerks of Havana in 1957 is stirring in the hearts of the cane cutters of Santo Domingo and the bank clerks of Lima in 1960. There is no doubt that the Cuban revolution has accelerated the revolutionary process greatly, and perhaps has given it a shape that it never had before. It was no coincidence, but a warning, that Panamanian rioters storming into the Panama Canal Zone in December should have adopted "Viva Fidel Castro!" as their battle cry.

Former Ambassador Bowles, urging a realistic compromise with the inevitable, advises:

> We can adjust ourselves in advance to the certainty that reason will not always prevail, that injustices will almost surely occur, and that the short-term price paid for long-term stability will often appear exorbitant.
>
> Above all, let us not lose sight of the essential issue. The real choice in Latin America, as in Asia and Africa, is citizenship or serfdom, hope or despair, orderly political growth or bloody upheaval. Our failure to understand this choice, or to support the vital new elements which are striving to assert leadership, would be catastrophic.

What Bowles has to say is worth considering. The Congress, preparing to set the new sugar quota, might well think it over, and so might the State Department, before proceeding to implement the "firmer policy" toward Cuba that was announced only last week.

REGISTRARS: Key to Negro Voting . . *by Kenneth N. Vines*

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS debate in this session of Congress is likely to be dominated by a single issue: whether or not federal registrars should supplant state registrars where it can be shown that Negroes are systematically barred from voting.

To all practical purposes, of course, the issue is strictly a Southern one. Voting registrars were originally created in the nineteenth century as a means of keeping down election frauds; today, every state in the union except Arkansas and Texas — the "poll tax" states — maintains a registration system. Southern use of the registrar to bar Negro voters became widespread only after World War II; before that time, few Southern Negroes ever attempted to exercise the franchise.

In all states, registration is administered either by a registrar, or a board of registrars, appointed by the governor or by a special state registration board. Appointments are usually made upon the advice of the local political "machine" from the ranks of the political "eligibles" of the county (or, as in the case of Louisiana, the parish). As a purely "local" representative, then, the registrar is regarded — and regards himself — as a delegate of local interests rather than an impartial administrator of state or federal law.

To put the matter plainly, most registrars perform precisely the way the local courthouse "gang" — the county officials, including the sheriff, the court clerk and the assessor — wants them to act. In some instances, the "gang" finds the Negro vote to be politically useful, and has actually stood guard at the registrar's office to make certain that no potentially valuable voter was turned away. In multi-cultural areas such as Atlanta, New Orleans and Miami, and in other Southern areas where there are few Negroes, the main hindrance to Negro registration has not been the registrar, but the Negro's own apathy. But in many counties of the deep South with large Negro populations, the registrar cooperates with other members of the "gang" to keep the voting registers "lily white." When paternalistic pressure does not work, outright violence or the overt threat of violence does — as shown by recent complaints to the federal Civil Rights Commission from Georgia's Terrell County. Today there are thirty counties in the deep South with not a single Negro registered.

SOMETIMES a registrar is caught between opposing pressures. Last year, the White Citizens Councils of Louisiana began a systematic campaign of "education" and coercion of parish registrars to get them to purge Negroes from the voting lists. Council members appeared at registrars' offices in teams, prepared to challenge Negro registration en masse; State Senator Rainach, president of the Citizens Councils, and at the time a candidate for governor, traveled about the state advising registrars on methods for turning away Negro applicants. In most northern Louisiana parishes, the campaign was eminently successful; in other parishes, it failed. In Winn Parish — home parish of the Longs, where Negro voters traditionally supported the Long dynasty — the woman registrar refused to permit mass challenges. And in Saint Landry Parish, where the Citizens Councils were comparatively weak and the sheriff depended partly upon the Negro vote, the campaign also came a cropper. [In Washington Parish, where the Citizens Council campaign had succeeded, a federal court last week ordered 1,377 Negroes reinstated on the voting lists. — ED.]

The registrar who resists the dominant community pressure — whether it comes from the "gang," the Citizens Councils or other source — and remains in office is rare indeed. The story of Mrs. Winnie Clement, registrar of Webster Parish, Louisiana, in 1956, is a case in point. Faced with demands that she require Negroes to interpret the state constitu-

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tion in a short manner, she decided that any standard set for Negro applicants should also apply to whites. After she had refused to register twenty-four white applicants who had failed the test on the constitution, the Citizens Councils bombarded Governor Kennon with protests and the local police jury asked that she be removed from office. She decided to resign; one day before the resignation became effective, she was dismissed by the state Board of Voter Registration.

Where local conditions permit, many registrars perform their duties conscientiously. Best estimates are that fewer than one-third of the registrars co-operated with the Citizens Councils in Louisiana, and about one-third exclude Negroes in Georgia and Alabama. In Mississippi, the proportion is much higher. But of course it is precisely in those areas where the Negro cannot vote that he needs the vote most, since it is in those areas where his social and economic status is lowest.

AS THE interpreters of state qualifications for voters, registrars exercize both legislative and judicial powers; they are authorized both to lay down regulations for registration, and to determine whether these regulations have been adhered to. The registrar of Caddo Parish in Louisiana, for instance, demanded elaborate identification procedures of Negro applicants, requiring them to prove "they were who they said they were." The power of the Southern registrar over the democratic franchise is thus a formidable one. It is he who decides whether or not an interpretation of the constitution, in Mississippi, is "reasonable"; there are no objective standards set up to determine "reasonableness." It is he who decides whether a voter has passed the examination required of Alabama registrants; there is no official set of correct answers. It is he who, in Louisiana, decides whether or not to challenge a Negro applicant for a mistake in spelling on his registration form.

DESPITE the crucial nature of their job in the context of the American democratic system, registrars are neither recruited nor treated in office in a manner to encourage professional standards of administration. Only in metropolitan areas is the job a full-time one, and even when it is, the salary rarely exceeds $5,000 a year. In Alabama, registrars serve only fifty or sixty days a year and draw $10 a day. Some rural Louisiana parishes pay the registrar from $1,000-$1,500 annually, although the job is a year-'round one. Minimum educational standards for the office rarely exist; most registrars are women (especially widows), and retired businessmen and farmers active in politics.

As yet, the courts have not held that arbitrary discrimination by registrars to prevent Negro voting constitutes a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. And it is doubtful whether such a ruling, even by the Supreme Court, would alter the situation in the thirty Southern counties whether Negroes have yet to register, or in the thirty-odd additional counties where, according to a Civil Rights Commission listing, Negro registration is limited to minuscule groups. As long as voting qualifications are defined locally, administered locally and subject to local prejudices, the potential for denial of the suffrage remains.

The Civil Rights Commission has recommended that federal registrars be appointed in trouble spots. One of several bills designed to carry out this recommendation is HR 7597, introduced by Congressman Powell. It provides for the establishment of a Federal Voter Registration Commission. This proposal places voter registration on the same level as communications and interstate commerce as an area of the public interest worthy of special protection by an independent regulatory type commission, whose members would be bipartisan and protected from political removal. Armed with quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial powers, the commission would be empowered to "provide for the registration of all persons" found to be disfranchised, but the rights of involved persons would be protected by due process of law and judicial review, and commission actions could be terminated by local referendum after five years.

Ample evidence is now in that the use of peripheral federal power avails little against local determination to deny the franchise. The independent regulatory commission is a proper choice for the protection of this vital right now that local registrars have proven so tragically unable to cope with the problem.

IN SEARCH of ATHENS, U.S.A. . . *by David Cort*

"THE ATHENS of America!" What a boast! What a cultural climax! What a tourist attraction! Before many more years, we may expect a national brawl for the title. In the past, various "Athenses" of this and that have included Cordoba, Copenhagen, Edinburgh, Cork, Belfast and finally Boston, Mass., in tribute to its Harvard graduates. A number of college towns — in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, West Virginia and southern Ohio — actually have the legal name of Athens.

Any American "Athens" has got to have a university, so that our scouting for material must center on the 2,000-odd universities and colleges, senior and junior, in the United States. And these beautiful college campuses are certainly among the least ephemeral institutions in America and may have some survivors even 500 years from now. However, the "Athens" we are look-

DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has just been published by Macmillan.*

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ing for is not one of suitable architecture or ripened ivy, but of dynamic, sophisticated people.

BEFORE we inspect the whole university picture, notice must be taken of the claim of Princeton University that it is already "The Athens of America." The boast was invented by its former president, Harold Dodds, and was repeated as recently as Nov. 14, 1958, in the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*.

Princeton's principal claim to the title is based on an institution — the Institute for Advanced Study, endowed by the Bambergers in 1930 — which is not officially connected with the university, though it is nearby.

Princeton was not yet a university in 1896, when it changed its name from the College of New Jersey. Several things began happening to the institution just before and during World War II that took it off the ground. The most important was the arrival at the Institute for Advanced Study (thus, "at Princeton") of Albert Einstein, fleeing Hitler's Europe. And presently the plain-clothes generals from the Pentagon began arriving incognito, and Princeton was involved in the nuclear-research team at Brookhaven, New York.

The second was the installation in and around Princeton of miscellaneous research, industrial and foundation outfits, for mixed reasons. The pioneer was evidently George Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion (polls and Madison Avenue market research). Princeton, connected with the Pentagon, the nucleus and Madison Avenue, began looking in the mirror more often. By now there are over seventy research establishments in the town, including the Sarnoff Research Center employing over a hundred Ph.D.s, the Industrial Reactor Laboratories, the Turbo-Motor Division of Curtiss-Wright, the Electronics Associates' Computation Center, the Applied Science Corp., Aeronautical Research Associates, etc.

The third development that intoxicated Princeton was the settling-in of a mixed bag of writers, journalists, big-thinkers and exurbanites generally, for the university is almost midway between New York and Washington. The significant arrival was the novelist John O'Hara, a non-collegian who had all his life looked to Yale College as the seat of power and posh. His switch to Princeton, since he is known to be hypersensitive in these distinctions, is catastrophic for Yale. To O'Hara's keen nose, the smell of posh now blows off Princeton.

It may be said that the arrival of Einstein scotched the ghost of Princeton's own F. Scott Fitzgerald. It may also be said that Einstein's death and O'Hara's arrival ushered Fitzgerald's ghost back again. Princeton has gratefully given O'Hara the Princeton Tiger watch charm and the Princeton Right Wing Club tie pin and attends his annual big football party. O'Hara brings out the worst in Princeton.

Princeton may yet become the Athens of America, but probably not so long as air generals walk in and out and huge corporations hold seminars in the Princeton Inn and military Congressmen can pillory Princeton professors and ignorant playboys can cuckold the associate professors. Princeton, no more than any other, cannot render to both God and Caesar.

The institution's actual status in the Athens sweepstakes will fall into place, by no means disgracefully, if we enlarge our view to take in the whole splendid and various company of distinguished American universities, once we know which they are.

IF NOT to Princeton, to which of the first twenty or so American universities ought the title to be awarded? And this question brings up the much more useful, preliminary question: which are the first twenty or so American universities?

One would think that any such list would be controversial to the point of multilateral civil war. Just as no one wants his mother classified socially, no alumnus likes his Alma Mater realistically rated. But in fact the list is a commonplace among experienced educators; it is one of the daily reaffirmed facts of life to administrators of the fellowship foundations. Many a man would like to insinuate his own school into the list, but he is prevented on two counts.

The first count is that it would be hard to omit any of twenty-one universities. The second is that the great mass of American colleges, senior and junior, are crippled by a small endowment, dependence on either church or state, a brief past, a small library, poorly paid teachers and a poor ratio of teachers to students. Certainly hundreds of schools boast some fine teachers, fine departments and fine students and alumni, but their limitations are all too well known to their own faculties. If the list of twenty-one is politely suppressed, it is out of a sense of consideration. Yet this gentle conspiracy is no help, and may be a distinct hindrance, to our urgent intellectual advance. It throws the whole matter of higher education into a generalized, hopeless twilight where no names are named, no faces are seen and all the cats are uniformly gray.

ONE booby-trap will be avoided here. The twenty-one will not be named in order of merit, but merely in order of the size of the endowment, excluding the value of the campus installation. The twenty-one are to be taken simply as a group. They are: Harvard (including Radcliff), Yale, Columbia (including Barnard), Chicago, M.I.T., California (at Berkeley), Stanford, Rice, Cornell, Princeton, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Washington (at St. Louis), Dartmouth, Caltech, Tulane, Michigan, Virginia, Wisconsin, North Carolina and Colorado.

Anyone whose university is omitted ought now to consider the parallel list of the twenty-one *richest* schools in America, for fourteen of them are on the first list. The big endowments are (in millions): Texas $287, Harvard $278, Yale $174, Columbia $147, Chicago $123, M.I.T. $88, California $86, Northwestern $82, Rochester $79, Stanford $75, Rice $65, Cornell $65, Johns Hopkins $63, Princeton $62, Minnesota $59, Pennsylvania $56, Washington $48, Dartmouth $48, New York University $45, Vanderbilt and Duke both $41. Caltech is at $37. A sensitive

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alumnus of many a university could put his school into contention very soon with a gift of $20 million.

Big money, in short, may have qualified two-thirds of our list but failed to qualify the richest of all, Texas, while Rice in Texas, with one-fourth the endowment, made it.

Well, what is wrong with the other seven? Texas' endowment is not solid capital like Harvard's, but consists of the appraised values of oil properties—the gifts are generally hedged and restrictive. The board of trustees, dominated by politicians and the tight Texas community of millionaires, wins every battle with the faculty. The contrast with Tulane is significant.

Northwestern is overshadowed by the University of Chicago.

Rochester is under suspicion of domination by Eastman Kodak.

Johns Hopkins is thought of, most unfairly, by matriculates as exclusively a medical school.

N.Y.U. is overshadowed by Columbia (see Northwestern).

Vanderbilt and Duke remain Southern schools commemorating the dead millionaires, though both have some fine faculty members and Duke a good library.

WELL THEN, what is so good about the other seven that made the twenty-one without big money?

Caltech has an all-male student body of only a thousand on which to spend its $37 million. Perhaps nowhere else are brains so pampered.

Tulane ($28 million) has a beautiful campus with the fragrance of sweet olive, and a cultivated board of trustees who, in New Orleans' Latin-European tradition, believe that brains are aristocratic.

Michigan ($25 million) has a very high even value through all faculties; a handsome, well-treed campus, and acceptance by the Ivy League group as virtually one of themselves.

Virginia ($18 million), which is practically state-supported like Minnesota, Michigan and some others, is what is meant in much of the South by "The University." The real reason is that the late Thomas Jefferson is still in residence. His name is used every day and settles all arguments. Virginia has been a true university since Jefferson planted it in his own native foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Wisconsin ($12 million) and North Carolina ($5 million) once claimed the most progressive elements in their sections. The politics of the McCarthy era cut cruelly into faculty pride and independence.

Colorado sits high in the Rockies and gets status from its annual World Affairs Conference, held without press-agentry. In spite of low salaries, an able faculty is drawn by the fine living quarters. Its character is a tribute to Colorado politicians who have made no effort to ruin the faculty.

The top twenty-one are not named without some criticism.

Chicago has the most rigid faculty caste system in America, giving it a distinctly Madison Avenue tone. It once offered to change its name to Rockefeller University in view of the $170 million received. It doesn't seem to want to be loved.

Stanford, a rich boy's school in red-tiled Spanish Mission, aspires too frankly, like Princeton, to the Athenian, but the weather is right.

Cornell has another overpowering board of trustees.

Minnesota, it has been said quite seriously, would be more Athenian if it were not quite so far north.

Washington, sitting at the center of the heartland where within a radius of a hundred miles a dozen rivers flow together, is listed with no qualifications at all. The extraordinary community of St. Louis believes, like New Orleans, in an elite of brains and manners. A man can safely wear a silk hat on a St. Louis street. Washington has almost as many Nobel Prize-winners as California and Columbia. It has its own TV station, headed by Arthur Holly Compton.

Dartmouth: see Minnesota.

Most of the first twenty-one are too committed to conformism and the search for "acceptability."

IN CASE the Athens of America should turn out to be a primarily undergraduate school, a top list of these is given, with endowments (in millions); Wellesley, $33; Vassar, $29; Oberlin, $27, Brown including Pembroke, $26; Amherst, $24; Wesleyan, $24; Williams, $20; Smith, $20; Bowdoin, $14; Bryn Mawr, $14; Swarthmore, $13; Haverford, $10; Mt. Holyoke, $10; Carleton, $8; Davidson, $8; Hamilton, $7; and, with still smaller endowments, Antioch, Kenyon, Lawrence, Reed and St. John's (Annapolis), plus the three military academies. In this area, the coincidental appearance on one campus of half a dozen fine teachers could be decisive, so that the list is subject to change.

A physically stupendous new candidate is the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. Its site gives the feeling of looking out across all America. The vast buildings appear to float on their walls of glass, a material which has a deplorable way of exploding outward in the steady seventy-mile winds. The place cost nearly $200,000,000, not counting the carloads of fresh glass. Greatness here depends on the future of air power, currently more debatable than the lethal power of flying glass.

Another test is age, which allows money, ivy and loyalties to grow. These dates of founding also give a series of footnotes to real American history: Harvard 1636, William and Mary 1693, St. John's 1696, Yale 1701, Pennsylvania 1740, Moravian College for Women 1742, Princeton 1746, Washington and Lee 1749, Columbia 1754, Brown 1764, Rutgers 1766, Dartmouth 1769, Salem (N.C.) 1772, Dickinson 1773, Hampden-Sydney 1776. Only six of these are on our first list. Two others are Moravian; Dickinson went in for Indians.

IN the next fifty years, twenty-four more schools were founded, but only three reach our first list: North Carolina 1795, Michigan 1817 and Virginia 1819. There were bursts of college-founding before and after the Civil War and again toward the end of the century, when *nouveau riche* Texas, Stanford, Caltech, Rice and Chicago arrived. One can spend fruitless hours brooding over the effect on a college's ultimate character of the historical period and place in which it began; but there is certainly an effect.

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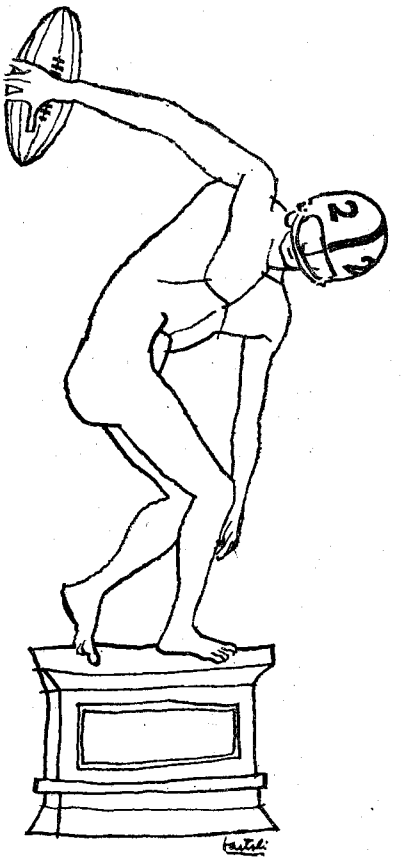
Another factor in a school is the availability of knowledge, crudely expressed in the number of library books and the ratio of faculty to students. The library totals, in decimals of a million, are: Harvard 5.5, Yale 4.2, California 3.5, Stanford 3.0, Michigan 2.3, Columbia 2.1, Chicago 1.9, Cornell 1.6, Minnesota 1.6, Wisconsin 1.3, Pennsylvania 1.3, Princeton 1.2, North Carolina 1.1, Colorado .78, Dartmouth .72, Tulane .6, Virginia .6, Washington .52, M.I.T. .4, Rice, .25, Caltech 09.

The lack of books is sometimes balanced by an excellent faculty-student ratio, as at Caltech 1-3, M.I.T. 1-5, Tulane and Virginia 1-8. The good undergraduate schools are surprisingly consistent at a teacher-student ratio of 1-9 and a library of around 300,000 volumes (though the libraries at Brown and Oberlin are above 800,000, while Antioch, Reed and Davidson fall far below the average). In the long run, the library may be the decisive factor. The future may be shaped by whether a university guessed right or wrong with its books, had good or bad luck. Was Harvard right or wrong in specializing in East Asia, Dante, Montaigne, Tennyson and Keats; Yale in Shakespeare, Boswell, Franklin, Walpole, Meredith and Judaism; Texas in Texas and English literature; Princeton in Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson and diplomacy; Columbia in Joan of Arc, Spinoza, Russia and East Asia? Who can tell? But once such a direction has been set, the university is forever stuck with it. The kind of people who would be interested in that field flock in and if they are dull boys, they stupefy the university. It is amusing to notice that Princeton's interest in Thomas Jefferson is competitive with Virginia's proprietary interest: good, sound, in-fighting, since the two compete for Southern students. This whole matter of university libraries is worthy of review by a critic of the first rank, not me.

STILL another way of rating colleges was presented by the *Scientific American* in July, 1951. It determined which colleges had originally graduated the highest percentage of the male Ph.D.s listed in *American Men*



of Science. The first twenty schools on a list of fifty were Reed (Ore.), Caltech, Kalamazoo, Earlham, Oberlin, Massachusetts State, Hope (Mich.), De Pauw, Nebraska Wesleyan, Iowa Wesleyan, Antioch, Marietta (O.), Colorado, Cornell (Ia.), Central (Mo.), Chicago, Haverford, Clark (Mass.), Johns Hopkins, Emporia (Kan.).

This list shows that the use of exact criteria in this matter turns it into farce. Not one Ivy League school is on the entire list; most of those that are on the list suffer from every teaching disability that the American college is heir to. This exhibition of degree-worship, or academomania, could equally be used to prove that the Ph.D. is worthless.

Still another way of establishing a ranking was conscientiously explored by the Chicago *Tribune* in the spring of 1957. Its reporters polled educators all over the country on their opinions of their own and other institutions and somehow averaged out a consensus.

This resulted in a list of ten top universities, given, as even my courageous sources did not dare to do, in invidious order of merit, as follows: Harvard, Yale, California (Berkeley), Chicago, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, Cornell, Wisconsin, Stanford.

All this does is to take our top ten, virtually in order of endowment (with a little juggling), drop M.I.T. and Rice, move up Michigan and Wisconsin. However, the *Tribune* quoted the educators' doubts about Wisconsin as "lacking momentum . . . it is not a dynamic school." Its brilliant past was probably what got it on the list.

THE cautious list of ten, with its incautious ranking, gives the peculiar result of breaking into two groups with a gulf between.

The *Tribune's* sources also gave the first ten men's colleges as Haverford, Amherst, Kenyon, Wesleyan, Hamilton, Union, Bowdoin, University of the South, Washington and Lee, and Williams, and the first ten coeducational colleges: Oberlin, Swarthmore, Carleton, Reed, Pomona, Grinnell, Lawrence, Wooster (Ohio), Kalamazoo and Hope. (I suspect the sources of having believed the *Scientific American* story.) The omissions from these lists are even more astonishing than the inclusions, for some argument can be raised for every little college in America and one would be delighted to listen to it. I am not speaking of the women's colleges, for the *Tribune* gave a ten-best list especially for them, which was impeccably chivalrous.

Some people would have us look, for the Athens of America, to the industrial-research centers, such as Standard Oil's at Linden, N. J., the General Motors Technical Center ("The Versailles of Industry"), the complex of electronic works around San Diego, or that incredible Shangri La, Los Alamos, approached between mountains and over gorges until suddenly there it is in the upper airs, loaded with Ph.D.s whose luncheon conversation is unintelligible. But these are all engaged in applied science and dedicated to anything but disinterested thought.

There still remains the one place in America that superbly has no interest whatever in becoming the Athens of America, that regularly

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throws away its Athenian assets, that is loved and hated more sincerely than any other, the capital of the arts and professions, of the United Nations, of business and finance, the greatest port in the world, the self-made Acropolis, awesome, preoccupied, dead-pan and irresistible.

And so, of course, in all sensible probability, this has to be the Athens of America—New York City. There is essentially no competition.

On the university level, this would point us to Columbia. It began in 1754 with ministers of five different faiths, including the Hebrew, as *ex officio* governors, on the shore of the Hudson River between Murray and Barclay streets. In 1857 it moved to the heart of modern Madison Avenue and moved out again, under President Seth Low, in 1897, just as the advertising business discovered itself, to the hill of Morningside overlooking the Hudson.

Between these two dates a lot of Americans had discovered in European universities, chiefly German, that their own alma maters were hardly senior high schools. They came home to turn them, by a hundred different theories, into true universities. The practical theory of education had been applied by Benjamin Franklin at Pennsylvania and by Jefferson at Virginia; it was developed by Wayland at Brown, White at Cornell and Van Hise at Wisconsin.

Harvard and Columbia, having been true universities for some time, resisted this influence, though both introduced business schools. Harvard, however, remains in Boston, an enclave of the exhausted Puritan tradition in an Irish Catholic city. Columbia, having shaken off the dust first of Wall Street and then of Madison Avenue, had the advantage of being no one thing.

The Chicago *Tribune* survey, which was of course rooted in the Midwest, was "astonished" by the high quality of Columbia. This quality is indeed not ostentatious; it attracts very little attention even from New York City; the New York newspapers hardly ever mention Columbia. The great peculiar city hardly knows that Columbia University is there, somewhat as modern Greeks hardly ever raise their eyes to the Acropolis.

My biased choice of Columbia* can be opposed by those who remember that the enduring heart of Athens was not really the Acropolis, but Plato's school, which was held a mile to the north of the city in the walled park of Academus. On this analogy, New York's Academe would be sited in Westchester or Staten Island, but surely not in New Jersey.

*Mr. Cort is Columbia '24.—Ed.

LOBBY of a MILLION GHOSTS . . *by John O'Kearney*

USING A BLOATED title for themselves, and working with a budget of about $70,000 a year, a handful of zealous men exert a more determining influence upon United States policy towards The People's Republic of China than all sanity, unorganized, has thus far been able to counteract. "If there is a China Lobby, we are it," says Marvin Liebman, secretary of The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The handful of men who control this lobby base their claim to express what they call the "grass roots sentiments of all America" towards the Communists of China on 1,037,000 signatures to a petition which for almost six years has lain unriffled in the darkness of a New York warehouse; but though there are not more than 6,000 persons out of the 1,037,000 who ever contribute a dime, and not more than 25,000 names on the committee's mailing list, the weighty name of it will be slung about again in this election year in an effort to silence every politician who may dare to suggest that recognition of China, and trade with her, are essential to peace.

One of the major voices of this lobby, which has its headquarters at 343 Lexington Avenue, New York City, is Senator Mike Mansfield (Dem., Mont.). "Americans who favor the admission of Red China to the United Nations," said Mansfield, "base part of their argument on the false premise that opposition to such admission comes from a minority and lunatic conservative fringe of American politics." He then cited the 1,037,000 signatures, and asserted that millions more have endorsed this petition through the action of national organizations.

But what do they say at committee headquarters about the possibility of there being just such a lunatic fringe? The genial Liebman observes that in '53 and '54, with Korea fresh in the public mind, "anyone would have signed the petition." Since then, he admits, no one knows in what fashion the collective mind of 1,037,000 persons may have changed. "It would cost about 10 cents a head to get in touch with them all, and the committee simply cannot afford that."

Nevertheless, on the authority of all those names, the committee is working to get both the Democrat and Republican national conventions to adopt a joint plank against any move for recognition of China or resumption of trade with her. A propaganda kit is in preparation to be sent out to every person who runs for federal office. The committee plans to poll all candidates. Conferences at the universities will be arranged to give the 1960 anti-Peking campaign the respectability of what Liebman calls a "high degree of literacy." And since politicians and literate people who are well known and also conservative are never ignored by newspaper editors, the issue of China will again appear to have had a fair verdict among us.

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Let us now consider who they are that rig the jury. A few are old China hands, but among the rest it is difficult to find any common motive beyond that of a fervent belief, as Liebman puts it, that they are acting as patriots whose only concern is what is best for their country. This is true, surely, of Liebman himself, if we may take it that his motives are as pure as his admitted ignorance of the evils of the Kuomintang rule over China is absolute.

The honorary chairman of The Committee of One Million is Warren R. Austin, member of the Loyal Legion of the Sons of the American Revolution, member of the China Society of America, and our first ambassador to the United Nations. After him come the six more or less active brains of the Steering Committee, the executive exploiters of the authority of a petition long years in a warehouse. At the head of the list is Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, one-time professor of economics. (Most politically aware people ask: What's *he* doing there?) With him are Charles Edison, former governor of New Jersey; former Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey; Congressman Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania; Congressman Walter H. Judd of Minnesota and Joseph C. Grew, ambassador to Japan from '31 to '41. Judd was a medical missionary to China from 1925 to '38, a man who knew Shanghai in the Kuomintang days when every dawn revealed more than a hundred human bodies to be carted off out of the filth of the gutters.

The treasurer is Frederick C. McKee of the National Casket Co., an avocational joiner of causes. He was chairman and national director of the Committee for Boycott Against Japan from 1938 to '39; national chairman of the Citizens for Victory, '42-'43; national treasurer of the League of Nations Association, '42-'44; and a member of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding Anti-Communist China, '49-'52. McKee's assistant is Bettis Aiston Garside, missionary to China, '22-'26, bearer of the Order of the Auspicious Star (Chiang regime), executive vice president and secretary of United Services to China, Inc., New York.

The committee got its start in October, 1953, with a statement signed by 212 politicians, businessmen, scientists and religious leaders, intended for the ears of President Eisenhower. It was a protest against the growing pressure from Britain for recognition of China and relaxation of the American-enunciated trade embargo. It was ultimately to be given to the President on his way to the Bermuda Conference "to arm you in speaking to the British"; but it appears that *Time* magazine was the first to call it to his attention. "Congressional signers," said Liebman, "got mail pro and con, and before we knew it there was a spontaneous movement." How spontaneous it was may be better determined, perhaps, by Liebman's admission that the signatures came in pretty slowly because most of them were gathered through channels dug locally out of the membership of the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks also helped, along with the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Catholic War Veterans.

The Stockholm Peace Appeal had earlier claimed to have gotten 11,000,000 American signatures, so it was decided that the committee must get at least a million. On July 9, '54, the committee sent a telegram to the President announcing that it had rounded up its one million. In the end, the Stockholm petitions were denounced by the State Department as Russian-inspired fakery; but President Eisenhower took the 1,037,000 names presented by the committee as supporting evidence that 95 per cent of the American people wished to keep The People's Republic of China beyond the pale. As a document, the full petition had less literary interest than an old telephone book, so it was never read. It was put in a warehouse and the committee closed up shop.

In the autumn of '54, an American assembly of Protestant religious leaders was held and "there was more agitation for recognition of Red China," so it was decided to set up an informal group from within the membership of The Committee of One Million and get it going as a lobby in opposition to the "agitators." Those who had led the previous petition movement became the lobby. The signers of the original petition were not solicited for support. "It would," said Liebman, "have been too expensive." However, in '58, the committee polled 50,000 Protestant clergymen, and of those who responded, 93 per cent were "on our side." The support of these clergymen was taken as a mandate for continued exploitation of the 1,037,000 signatures.

TODAY, the authority of the original number has become dogma: On the basis of the original petition, the committee claims to have among its charter members one-fourth of the U.S. Senate, one-fourth of the House of Representatives and nine governors. The list is impressive, but it is a question how many would be there today if Judd, Smith, Douglas, Grew and Edison were to turn around to look. Newspaper editors still accept the committee at face value, as ready to believe in the existence of an army here as those who were deceived by the 'round and 'round parade of the troops of Henri Christophe. Nevertheless, the committee's executives find it harder and harder to make news as time goes by. To keep itself in the public eye on a shoestring budget, the committee takes page advertisements in the international edition of *The New York Times* and reprints them for mail distribution, buying the aura of the newspaper's reputation for $450 an international page, instead of the $5,000 it would have to pay for a page in the domestic edition. The committee's friends in Congress provide further reprint material, flying the flag of the *Congressional Record*: for example, the speech of Senator Robert C. Byrd (Dem., W. Va.), "Should the United States Change Its China Policy?," *Congressional Record*, delivered June 8, 1959, reprinted (not at government expense) and distributed as committee propaganda. This Byrd speech could have been prompted by Chiang Kai-shek. "Continued support of the Nationalist Republic of China serves to best advance the interests of the United States and the free countries in Asia," Byrd said.

After the resumption of activity

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in 1954 by the small informal group which still calls itself The Committee of One Million, "we found ourselves," said Liebman, "with new responsibilities we had not figured on. We were the only responsible organization dedicated to anti-Communist activity, and suddenly we were getting letters from all over the world, particularly from the Far East regions."

Liebman has since been out there to meet the committee's friends. Chiang, a hard man to see, gave him two hours of his time and posed for a smiling, side-by-side photograph. In Bangkok, two years ago, Liebman was told by a cabinet-level spokesman: "If the United States were to recognize Red China, within a week we would have to do so also." Presumably Liebman did his fervent best to reassure his friends in Thailand. Telling of his tour around the area, he said: "We felt it was important to convince them that the United States is not changing its policy."

Out of their new-found sense of responsibility the committee's leading members set up the American-Asian Educational Exchange, with Edison as chairman and Liebman as executive vice chairman. Judd and McKee are vice chairmen, along with Bishop Herbert Welch. This organization, which Liebman says will try to "fill the gap" left by the United States Information Service and other outfits that try to educate Asians, began its work with the publication of *Communism at Work in China*, by Stanley K. Hornbeck, who from 1928 to 1937 was Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department. He was Special Assistant Secretary of State in 1944, at the moment when President Roosevelt was upbraiding Chiang (*United States Relations with China*, The Department of State, pages 66-7-8, 1949) for his persistent refusal to co-operate with General Stilwell in prosecuting the war against Japan, and for letting his anti-Communist obsession bring China to the brink of catastrophe. But Hornbeck still champions Chiang.

The transcendent arrogance of this China lobby was bared by Liebman last November 4 in a press statement attack on Conlon Associates, Ltd. of San Francisco, for having urged the admission of China to the United Nations. The Conlon group had been hired by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to study the China problem and came out for recognition and trade. Said Liebman:

"To the best of my knowledge, Conlon Associates conducted no serious investigation of either the sentiment of the American people or their leaders. . . . We doubt very seriously whether Conlon Associates consulted with either the people or the governments of Korea, Free China, Hong Kong. . . ." Et Cetera.

THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE . . *by H. Jack Geiger*

THERE WAS a wonderful character in *Pogo*, some years back, who was provoked into a week-long frenzy by a weather report warning that a cold front was moving in from Canada. Why, he wanted to know, did we have to put up with all this foreign weather? Why couldn't we get good old American weather—and if there was a shortage, who was responsible? There is a certain rough parallel in the storm that has erupted over the American public's sudden and belated realization, following a bitter incident involving an Indian physician, New York's Knickerbocker Hospital and an emergency amputation, that one in every four hospital interns and resident physicians in the United States is foreign-trained.

The parallel is in the Okefenokee caliber of the subsequent alarums, assignments of blame, assessments of a doctor shortage, and angry demands that "they" or "we" do something about it. The difference is that the doctor situation isn't funny. There is nothing humorous in physicians who are inadequately trained, incompetent, or unable to communicate with their patients. Nor is there anything gay in the plight of foreign physicians who come here in the expectation of a good postgraduate education that will give them first-rate skills—and are fraudulently led into a year or more of unenlightening drudgery as cheap medical labor.

Nor is there anything funny, finally, about the crucial issue — the lack of consistent and effective national planning and national policy on the supply of physicians and health facilities in the face of an explosively changing pattern of population, disease and health care.

IT IS usually helpful to begin with the facts. Ten years ago there were fewer than 2,000 physicians in U. S. hospitals who had received their training in foreign medical schools. Last year there were 7,622; this year there are more than 8,300. In New York City, more than half of all interns and residents are foreign-trained; in the municipal non-teaching hospitals—those not affiliated with a medical school—the figure is 285 out of 293.

Why are these foreign-trained physicians here? For two main reasons. The first is that they want good medical training—that is, to trade their time (up to twenty hours a day) and services as hospital staff physicians for the opportunity to work under, study with and learn from highly qualified senior physicians of every specialist category. The second is that the hospitals are desperate for them. There are 12,000 internship positions open on U. S. hospital staffs each year. The eighty-two four-year American medical schools last year graduated exactly 6,861 physicians.

What's more, the situation is soon going to get worse. A uniform ex-

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amination-and-screening system for foreign-trained physicians already here, or still abroad and planning to come here, will shortly go into effect. Predictions of the failure rate range from 30 to 50 per cent.

It is worth-while to pause now and ask the next question: are all foreign-trained physicians "bad" doctors? Obviously not. There are superb medical schools in Canada, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries and elsewhere. There are also many third- and fourth-rate schools abroad. There are some superb graduates of poor schools. We will not examine the assumption—often implicit in "foreign-doctor" discussions—that any graduate of any U. S. school is a good doctor, except to note that this country has no monopoly on medical progress.

This is not just a "hospital" problem. In 1949 there were 143 physicians for every 100,000 Americans; today the figure is close to 132. By 1975, according to one reliable projection, we will have to graduate more than 10,000 physicians a year just to maintain this ratio; if we don't, the likeliest answer to "is there a doctor in the house?" will be No.

What's happened to the doctors? That's the wrong question. The right one is: what's happened to us? Here, I think, is the heart of the problem, for health—including the supply of physicians—is not a "medical" issue but a social issue, and the new changes and needs are primarily social, though they have profound medical implications.

ONE REASON for the relative undersupply of physicians is simple population growth. But more important is the fact that (1) most of us are demanding, and using, much more medical and hospital care per person and (2) more and more medical care is given in the hospital setting, both because of the increasing complexity of diagnosis and therapy and because of the relative inability of urban families to handle illness at home. In one Hartford, Connecticut, hospital, for example, there were 3,000 emergency-room visits in 1944 and more than 20,000 in 1956—although Hartford hadn't grown 700 per cent in the interim.

Almost all of us are using physicians more (the average number of visits by adults is now five per year) and using more physicians per person. A pregnancy today may involve a general practitioner, an obstetrician, an anesthesiologist, a pediatrician and assorted others. We have much more health insurance, and owners of such insurance consistently make more use of medical and hospital facilities than do the uninsured.

What really tightens the screws, however, is the nature of our population shift. We are becoming increasingly urban—and city-dwellers use far more medical care than rural

residents. We are having a baby boom—and children in our society get the most intense and frequent medical care.

At the other end of the age scale, the lowered mortality rate means an explosive increase in the percentage of elderly persons, who have the chronic diseases that require the most medical care. They are also the people most isolated from family, the ones with no place to go—except hospital or nursing home.

By 1980, predicts Professor Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago, the country's population will be somewhere between 230 and 270 million. Most Americans will live in "standard metropolitan areas," a kind of huge suburbia. If the present trends in birth and death rates continue, Mr. Hauser estimates, we'll need twice as many pediatricians, twice as many geriatricians, 50 per cent more obstetricians, many more hospitals than we now have. (Considering the chilling implications of the phrase "standard metropolitan area," we'll probably need a lot more psychiatrists, too.)

WELL, it's said cheerfully, let's expand our present medical schools. And then let's build some new medical schools. The tone of most recent editorial discussions is that "we'll just have to." There was general agreement in Okefenokee on an All-American Weather Factory, too. But there are a few problems. Among them:

Who'll Pay? Expansion isn't cheap. The Association of American Medical Colleges estimates that seventy-eight medical schools need a total of $757 million for new facilities right now. With a considerably bigger expenditure, our present schools might be able to graduate enough physicians to hold the line until 1967. But one four-year school will have to be ready then, and thereafter we'll need *two complete new schools each year* until 1976, when we'll need three. One projection calls for thirty-two complete new schools by 1976. It costs a lot of money to build, staff and run a medical school.

Who'll teach? If medical-school deans weren't frantically busy raising money, they might have time to weep over the bland assumption that money is the whole answer. The schools need biochemists, anatomists, physiologists, all sorts of teachers. We aren't making many. In 1935, 22 per cent of our Ph.D. graduates were in the biological sciences; in 1958 the percentage was 12. And in 1958 there were 619 budgeted but unfilled positions on medical-school faculties. In addition to these vacancies, a mere 20 schools last year reported an average need — for present classes—of 50 more faculty members.

Who'll go? In 1950, there were 22,000 applicants to medical schools. In 1958, although there were more college graduates, only 15,000 applied, and there was some evidence that the drop had been greatest among the brightest students. No one can say with certainty that this reflects another social change—a change in the high relative status of medicine as a profession—but a few

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hard financial facts may be in the minds of students debating medicine vs. nuclear physics, engineering or business administration.

Medicine means seven to ten years —after college—of school and post-graduate hospital training, at low wages and monastic hours, if the student is to wind up above the unspecialized bottom of the income and status totem pole. Even for the 40 per cent of our current medical graduates who come from families with incomes over $10,000, it usually means being supported by one's wife and isolated from one's children. (It is no accident that 63 per cent of medical students are married by the time they graduate.) And it means going into debt; of the 1959 graduates, 52 per cent were in debt and 6 per cent owed more than $10,000.

ALL OF this is known to the deans, the faculties, the Association of American Medical Colleges, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, at least some Senators and Congressmen, and the American Medical Association and its allied organizations. Most of them agree (in private, at least) that there is only one agency with resources big enough to meet the problem intelligently: the federal government. Some of them even agree that public health, including something so intimately associated with it as the supply of physicians, is an appropriate area of social (meaning governmental) concern. But not the A.M.A.

Several times in recent years, for example, there have been proposals in Congress for direct federal aid to the medical schools to help them meet their teaching and operating costs. The medical colleges have fought for this valiantly—and almost alone. The A.M.A. has been opposed on the grounds that this is—you guessed it—an "entering wedge for socialized medicine," despite inclusions in the bills of elaborate protection against federal policy dictation and despite the absence of any evidence that years of huge federal grants to the schools for medical-research projects had "socialized" anything. The bills failed. The public responded with resounding indifference.

There have been similar proposals for federal scholarships or other subsidies for needy medical-school applicants. Again, the A.M.A. and its sister professional organizations have been opposed, and the measures have gone down the drain. There have been plans — many of them representing hard thinking and ingenious improvisations — for limited federal aid in the medical care of the elderly and other special population groups, for the redesign of hospitals to make them more effective in the new patterns of use, for federal intervention in the shortage of nurses, and so on.

Again, the loudest voice has been that of organized medicine; the softest, the public's; and the talk has usually been of "entering wedges" and "socialization," together with generally unsubstantiated assertions that private philanthropy, industrial contributions and physicians' own efforts can do the job, and that modern therapy means that physicians can take care of more people more quickly than in the past anyway. Whether the eight-minute office visit and the quick needle-jab represents "taking care" of people is usually not discussed.

NO ONE, I think, seriously accuses organized medicine of wanting to limit the number of physicans, or of opposing adequate standards of medical care, or of being totally indifferent to the nation's health needs. If it has, on past performance, had a remarkable tendency to define the social good in terms of its own self-interest (as in its insistence on private-practice, fee-for-service, "free choice" medical care as the only good care), or to resist innovation in the face of social need until the last possible moment (as in its history on prepaid health insurance), this alone hardly makes it unique among professional groups.

But conservatism becomes particularly vulnerable when it operates in such a sensitive social area as health and health needs in a time of rapid social change. The real issue is not "socialized medicine"; it is whether a particular pattern of medical service is needed or not. On a larger scale, the question is to what extent medicine and the public health belong to the public — or to the professionals. If, as one medical historian has said, the practice of medicine is "a treaty with society," who sets the terms?

The provision of adequate medical care — depending as it does on population growth, changes in population distribution, values and attitudes toward health, family structure, costs — is no easy issue. The danger is that the public will default now, in favor of stand-pat answers and easy slogans. There are, of course, many "publics"; the one I mean comprises the consumers of medical care, i.e., most of us.

Unless the public takes a stand, and sees to it that the stand is embodied in legislation, there may be no federal aid and few new medical schools. In fifteen years or less, if the projections and estimates are correct, we'll then discover that we've been painted into a corner. For the choice between different patterns of medical care may be hard, but the choice between a "government" doctor — and no doctor at all — is easy.

Finally, what is happening in this country cannot compare with the magnitude, the speed or the intensity of social change in much of the rest of the world. The increase in our own medical needs is dwarfed by the real and potential needs of the redeveloping areas of the Middle East, Africa, Asia. The United States has an obligation, I would argue, to export our medical skills for service and, more important, for teaching and training — not, as one American psychiatrist recently suggested, because if we don't the Russians will, but simply because what happens in these areas now may well determine the shape of the world three or four decades hence. The obligation is not to ourselves, in national self-interest, nor to them in short-range sympathy, but rather to our common future. This is the real immorality of the "foreign doctor" controversy: that we are preparing neither for our own needs nor for those of others; that we are, in fact, draining their thin resources, on what is all too often the dishonest promise of professional training, to mask our own deficiencies.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Allies of Hope

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. 211 pp. $3.95.

Paul B. Sears

IF SOMEONE asked me to describe Joseph Wood Krutch as briefly as possible I would call him a guardian of human self-respect. His standing as a dramatic critic needs no comment. His recent book *The Grand Canyon* shows that he has become a sound naturalist. Thus he is a disciplined humanist who understands and appreciates science without being dazzled by it. His essential thesis, steadily developing in a series of books and now focused in the latest of them, is that man need not be the victim of his own contrivances.

Our danger is reflected in the present torrent of emphasis on what man can do and have. Ironically for an enlightened age, it has become unfashionable to discuss what man can *be*. Yet this question of personal quality, reflected in its myths, heroes, imperatives and taboos — the whole system of values — has been the traditional concern of every sound culture. Whether the emphasis be on courage, honor, cunning or even less desirable traits, there it is, explicit and implicit in the lives and thoughts of the group. Given no end, means run wild, and the more powerful the means, the wilder the run.

Our own culture, in Mr. Krutch's view, has confused the issue by assuming that, since material advance has been necessary to survival, it is the one essential. This has led us into the belief that prosperity cannot exist without endless acceleration in the production of consumers' goods. Our success in this operation has made us the victims of a new kind of exploitation by which we are induced to desire things far beyond our functional needs. This superabundance, along with our clever death-control, has resulted in unprecedented population increase.

Further, our attempt to apply science in self-analysis has led to a curious confusion between "norm" and normal. The standard of value has become, not an objective toward which we aim, but the calculated average of present patterns of choice and behavior. In other words, the mediocre becomes the ideal and whatever *is* is right.

At this point in his discussion Mr. Krutch reminds us of the power of ideas, and how our ability to reflect is now being dissipated by the relentless impact of our own inventions and devices. This, combined with a growing deference for the mediocre — i.e., the majority — judgment, is creating a new tyranny, tying the hands of the minority that can and does think.

Then comes an interesting reminder that power can corrupt majorities as well as individuals and is bound to do so unless exceptional men have the will and the freedom to ask the kind of questions which science cannot answer. And finally we are urged to believe that the human mind is more than a mere passive instrument, completely at the mercy of experience. Instead, it is the author's vigorous humanistic faith that human nature has the inherent and precious quality of seeking for light as well as substance.

SUCH is the series of steps by which hope is brought face to face with ideas of mechanistic determinism, mediocrity as the norm and pure relativism in ethics. Must hope rely on intuition alone, or can it be reinforced by instruments more in keeping with the present mood of society? Can we invoke the aid of science to justify the humanist's diagnosis or must he fight singlehanded?

No one should be more embarrassed by the current hubbub over science than the devoted scientist himself. He ought to know, if he is anything beyond a nimble tinker, that he is moved to do what he does by the same kind of creative impulse that leads any intelligent man to follow his bent. And he ought further, if he feels obligation to his fellows here and hereafter, to know that his prime duty is not to confer advantage, but rather understanding.

For each of us, the world must hang together. If it does not, the result is neurosis or worse, individual and mass. Science rests upon the assumption that the universe does hang together. Without this act of faith, no scientist would be justified in conscience or the eyes of his fellows. How could it happen, then, that the fruits of science seem to threaten the very humanity of man?

The confusion and frustration arise, it seems to me, not from any scientific examination of ourselves and our situation, but from the fact that we are not being really scientific. Let me illustrate what I mean. During the 1955 New England flood an industry that manufactured precision instruments of high quality suffered enormous damage. Design of plant and product were technically sound, but the plant itself was set up on a flood-plain, as any naturalist could have pointed out.

I USE the term naturalist deliberately because it has gone out of favor—a change which has contributed to our present dilemma. So far have we gone that even naturalists themselves have at times taken cover under titles that sound more professional. Yet what they do lies at the very heart and core of science, for it is their business to study the pattern and process whereby life and the world it lives in form an inseparable whole. The supreme fact about living things, including ourselves, is organization expressed in form. This applies not only to the individual organism, but to the system of living things and the physical environment of which it is inevitably a part—conveniently called the ecosystem.

The study of the ecosystem, both as to form and process, is the business of the naturalist in the sense I have used that term. This is true no matter what his special expertness may be. Yet because of the astounding success of detailed analysis made possible by modern theory and instrumentation, and its immediate application to industry and warfare, such analytical study has become synonymous with science in the public mind.

Life does not exist apart from environment. In any environment it is eliminated if it does not fit. If it does fit it tends, with the passing of time, to participate to an ever greater degree in modifying its environment. The folkways of a particular culture may enhance the capacity of its environment to sustain the culture. Too often, as history witnesses, they may lessen or even destroy that capacity. In any event there are calculable limits, as Brown, Bonner and Weir have shown, to the sheer physical capacity of the environment. Not only available energy, but

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mineral and water supply, to say nothing of space and other factors such as location, form and quality of substrate must be taken into account.

Further, the principles of thermodynamics, those rules governing process which we heed so respectfully in engineering practice and laboratory research, apply to the ecosystem. These principles emphasize that any enduring process must keep itself in repair. It must also keep itself in reasonable balance with the various factors necessary to it. Let us disrupt, by nearsighted activities, the landscape on which we live, and it will revolt against us.

Yet prevailing doctrine favors unlimited expansion of numbers and material goods. To sustain our economy we must have ever more customers and produce things faster and faster. This is the credo of an expanding economy, resting basically upon the faith that "science" has the power to bail us out of any temporary jam we get ourselves into. And to this faith we have seduced not only ourselves, but underprivileged nations around the globe.

If we choose to rest our case upon science, we had better be truly scientific and use all the science we have. On a colossal scale we are doing just what the makers of precision instruments did when they ignored what science could have told them about the hazard of locating their plant on a flood-plain. We are using technology to disrupt and deplete an environment whose rules were functioning long before we got here.

IF WE are minded to go beyond the question of mere survival, science has something to offer as to the basis of the good life. The documents of our own culture assume this to involve the freedom and dignity of the individual and his right to the pursuit of happiness. Pure physics tells us that the degree of freedom diminishes with pressure, and that for any physical object pressure increases with numbers of units in any finite space. It also increases with the energy of the system and the consequent power of movement of the individual unit. Within one lifetime, through the ravenous use of fossil energy, we have multiplied the speed and range of movement of the average American manifold. At the same time we have prolonged his life-span and increased his numbers nearly double, to say nothing of his consumption of material goods. To what end this, and for how long?

Finally, we can apply our knowledge of the ecosystem with profit to the study of history. No great centers of power ever arose before the invention of agriculture. Thereafter none that I know of developed without control of a rich nutrient base. Yet repeatedly the very growth thus made possible has overdrawn its account, as Rome did on the fertile plain about her. Then comes the necessity to expand. Generals do not create their opportunities; these come ready-made for their ambitions. Conquest gets under way, to continue until it encounters the margins of another center of power with similar ideas or breaks down of its own weight.

With our present surplus of food we see little likelihood of being sucked into such a fate, at least for a long time. But food need not be the limiting factor that causes us to cast an anxious, if not covetous eye beyond our present borders. Laying aside conflicts of ideology, our concern is the feeding of our machines rather than our bodies. The United States, with less than 10 per cent of world population and space, is at present using nearly two-thirds of world mineral production. From abroad we must have oil, bauxite and iron ore in large amounts, to say nothing of many critical substances required in lesser tonnage. Are we justified in ignoring the record of other human ecosystems whose problem, based upon food for the body instead of the machine, was otherwise in deadly parallel to our own?

As Mr. Krutch points out, some aspects of the social sciences, with their sophisticated statistical methods, have been used to enhance our present self-delusion that all will be well so long as it continues to get bigger. This again is the unscientific method of using text without context. The demographers, for one, know better. So do the cultural anthropologists and, interestingly enough, many geologists. And even among the economists, from Mill on down, some have worked without blinders. Here and there a bold study shows that, after an urban community reaches a certain optimum size, further expansion represents liability, not asset. Actually one does not have to be too technical on this point—he need only talk to a few taxpayers in one of the numerous dormitory towns of New England.

IN SHORT, the humanist does not have to fight single-handed for his belief that the good life is endangered by our present behavior. The goal of a perpetually expanding economy violates the canons of physical process as well as those of ethics, aesthetics and logic. The humanist's faith in the power of ideas is sustained by the rules of experience that come from anthropology.

We have already demonstrated our concern for the general welfare of contemporary mankind and our skill in using science as we please. If we extend our concern to our successors and our use of science to a thorough understanding of our own ecosystem, we have the basis for ideas that should go far toward insuring the future of the human adventure on this planet.

Paris at Night

(From the French of Tristan Corbière)

It is not a city, it is a world.

— It is the sea — flat calm — and the spring tide,
With thunderings far out, has departed.
It will be back, the swell, in its own sound rolling.
— Hear that: the crabs of night at their scratching...

— It is the dry bed of the Styx: Diogenes,
That rag-man, lantern in hand, calm as you please,
Passes. By the black brook perverted poets
Fish, using their empty skulls for worm-pots.

— It is the field: a flight of hideous harpies,
Wheeling, pounces to glean scabby bandages;
The gutter-rabbit, out after rats, keeps wide
Of Bondy's boys, who tread their grapes by night.

— It is death: The police sleep. — Above, love
Has her siesta, sucking the meat of a heavy
Arm where the dead kiss raises its red sign...
The single hour. — Listen: not a dream moving.

— It is life: Listen: the living spring sings
The everlasting song on the slobbering
Head of a sea-god stretching his green limbs and naked
On a morgue slab, with his eyes open wide.

W. S. Merwin

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A Little Knowledge of China

IMPATIENT GIANT: RED CHINA TODAY. By Gerald Clark. David McKay Co. 212 pp. $4.50.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN CHINA? By Lord Boyd Orr and Peter Townsend. Doubleday & Co. 159 pp. $3.75.

THE YELLOW WIND. By William Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 424 pp. $6.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

"EVEN a day of personal observation in Peking," states Mr. Clark, "yields more than a year of second-guessing from the outposts of Hong Kong. It certainly tells more than an inanimate stack of Chinese newspapers." This remark appears in a plea for opportunities for Americans to travel in China—a plea which I would heartily endorse.

It is true that nothing quite substitutes for the shock of immediate observation, however restricted. It is true that the second-guessings are often poor and the newspapers quite opaque. Yet, having read the three books under review, I remain unconvinced that a day or even a month of personal observation in Peking under present circumstances is any substitute for a careful and sustained reading of "inanimate" Chinese newspapers and periodicals. Except for Mr. Stevenson's book, which tells of travels in such unknown areas as the borderlands of Burma, none of these books contains any surprises for the diligent newspaper reader. In fact, he might be able to correct some of their errors. Furthermore, the image of Communist China which emerges from the reading of Chinese newspapers is much more complex, many-dimensional and problematic than the image which emerges from these pages. Thus, if one wishes to see China in terms of the uncritical official image, a sustained reading of *Peking Review* offers much richer fare than Lord Boyd Orr's cursory pontifications.

THE reader of newspapers misses the sense of a vast historic drama; the crushing emotional impact of what is truly one of the great transformations of history. Even this, however, may not be an unmitigated disadvantage. It is not worse to miss the drama than to lose one's sense of equilibrium in the face of it. The visiting journalist is attuned to drama and finds it in copious abundance. He finds himself caught up by the historic dynamo. He may react with horror, awe, rapture or a mixture of all three. The spectacle would arouse strong emotions in anyone. But what the situation demands, it seems to me, is both the ability to sense the drama and a violent effort to stand aside from it—it should not evoke a hypnotic fixation.

Among six hundred million Chinese there are undoubtedly some millions whose whole beings are completely identified with the historic drama (although in varying intensities). I suspect that there are many, many more millions who are not so much interested in playing historic dramas as in carrying on their personal existences as best they can. In the newspapers and periodicals we can discern the struggles of the regime to cope with these undramatic millions. In the books we get mainly the dramatic image which the regime has impressed over the whole face of Chinese life.

It is not that the image is in any sense unreal. To the extent that there are those who still doubt the awesome power of the regime, its ability to harness physical and mental power, its ability to make China a formidable military power, the books by Mr. Clark and by Mr. Stevenson have a most relevant message. It is only when the image is assumed to represent the whole reality that a high degree of skepticism is warranted. When Mr. Clark, ordinarily a man of good judgment, asks to meet a peasant in what is obviously a visitors' commune; when a peasant is produced who recites a set piece, and when Mr. Clark proceeds to generalize about the inner thoughts of the whole Chinese peasantry on the basis of this performance, we have reason to pause.

LORD BOYD ORR, having seen less, knows more. He tells us that the Chinese peasant, never having heard of civil liberties, "will be content" with a totalitarianism which assures a "rapid rise in the standard of living." How does he know they are content? The lack of eight hours' sleep a night may conceivably be unpleasant even to a peasant who has never heard of *habeas corpus.* One need not assume that the masses are seething with revolt in order to regard with at least suspended judgment the proposition that the surface image

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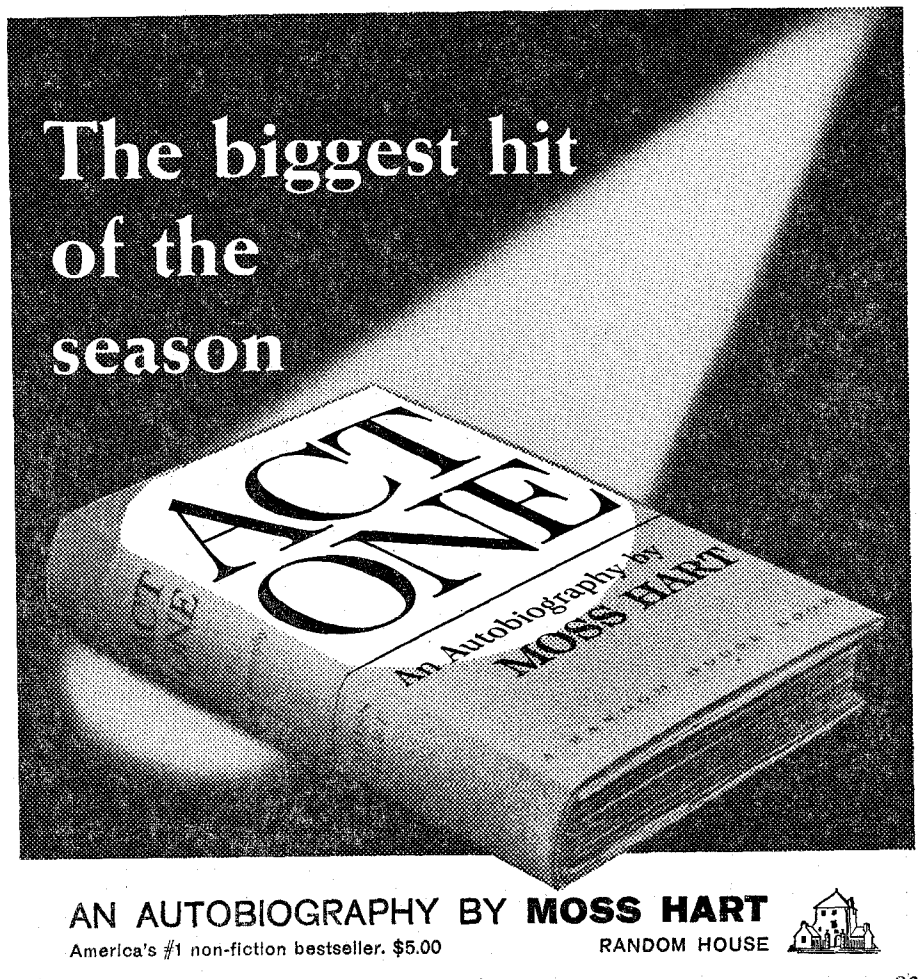

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corresponds to the full human reality.

The above should not be construed as a blanket attack on the three books under review. Mr. Stevenson's book, while disorganized, contains many valuable vignettes on some unfamiliar facets of the regime. Mr. Clark writes a good résumé of the 1958 situation, although it seems to me that he oversells his message. But Mr. Boyd Orr, living off his reputation as food expert and official humanitarian, has composed a slight, uncritical tract that might well have been written in London with the help of the *Peking Review*. In all three works, one finds a complete failure to draw a distinction between what is observed and what is surmised, valuable as these surmises may be. Not one of the authors acknowledges the vast areas of the unknown through which they all pursued their carefully guided travels.

Man's Most Dangerous Path

RADIATION, GENES, AND MAN. By Bruce Wallace and Th. Dobzhansky. Henry Holt & Co. 205 pp. $4.75.

Philip Siekevitz

MAN has entered upon the most dangerous path that ever he has trod. In the past, either from folly, ignorance, or mere cussedness, he has laid waste his country, decimated his kin and depleted the natural bounties of his land. But he has survived little changed. Sometimes recovery took centuries, either because his vitality was decreased by disease, or because his virility was directly affected. Nevertheless, he has come back, and it would appear none the worse biologically, and culturally perhaps even improved. But today, and for the past generation in fact, we have been living in a world where it is possible not only to damage individual man, but to impair the recuperative powers of the race as a whole. For we are producing, artificially and in ever greater amounts, the means by which to change the genetic capabilities and evolutionary capacities of mankind. And since we know far too little about the means to control them, the changes can only be for the worse. I speak not only of the radiation effects of nuclear-powered bomb tests, but also of X-irradiation and the like, and the by-products of the materials to be used for nuclear fuels. I hardly dare even contemplate the effects of a nuclear war.

Thus, it is of the utmost necessity that in a democratic society the people know of these dangers, and knowing, come to a decision as to the future courses to be taken with regard not only to bomb-testing and nuclear-weapon stockpiling, but also to the medical uses of radiation and to the industrial application of atomic energy. Wallace and Dobzhansky have undertaken to supply the relevant information: they explain what radiation is, what the science of genetics is about, and what connection there is between the two. Both are well qualified for the task; indeed Dobzhansky is one of the world's great geneticists.

FOR the past five years, we have been bombarded by claims and counter-claims, by figures and counter-figures, about the pathological and genetic effects of past and future nuclear-bomb tests. If you have been confused, as I have, I recommend reading this book. It explains that most of the figures cited in the genetics controversy have been based on guesses; some are fairly good guesses, others are exceedingly rough. Genetics deals in large figures—whether of generations or of individuals. Hence data which have been obtained with thousands of plant seeds, or thousands of fruit flies, or millions of bacteria, over spans of many generations, must be translated into human equivalents. The authors show how this can be done, and how large the error is likely to be. And the book is burdened with but little scientific jargon, and with only the briefest use of that mathematics which is one of the basic genetic tools. It is not written for a scientist, but for a diligent layman, an introduction into knowledge about the future.

The influence of radiation on mutation is not only qualitatively but also somewhat quantitatively known; that so much radiation will produce so much genetic change; that exposure to radiation is additive; that many very small doses have the same genetic effect as one large dose. Because of the invariable sexual intermingling of human populations, genetic damage to a few individuals will gradually spread throughout the world; none of our children are immune, for a deleterious mutation to one individual—a mutation not deleterious enough to cause somatic or sexual death — will find its way to countless other individuals. The sins of the fathers are transmitted not only to their own sons, but to yours and to mine, for most mutations will be as bad for us as artificially-produced mutations have been for fruit flies.

THIS brings up an interesting paradox. For it is believed that "the mutation process is the fountainhead of evolution," and the "adaptation of any species to the environment depends upon the occurrence of mutations." But most mutations which have been studied have proved to be deleterious, resulting in degenerative changes, in hereditary lesions, or in death. So you might ask, if we confine the mutation rate, are we not decreasing our chance of evolving into a race of supermen at the expense of the pains of more defective individuals? This is simply not so; consider that every one of the three billion men on earth is genetically different from every other one; there are more than enough genetic combinations available to sustain future evolution. As the authors say, "Much human mis-

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The Part

In some special way every person completes the universe. If he does not play his part, he injures the pattern of all existence....

Rabbi Judah Loew

Homer da Vinci
with freckles on your nose
don't hang there

by the heels.
Sad everyman, I mean
let go, or jerk
upright.

They say gooseflesh
is the body's shudder when someone
walks over its grave-to-be,

but my hair rises
to see your living life
tamped down.

Blue mysteries
of the veronica florets
entertain
your modest attention:

there, where you live,
live:
start over,
everyman, with
the algae of your dreams.

Man gets his daily bread
in sweat, but no-one said
in daily death. Don't eat

those nice green dollars your wife
gives you for breakfast.

DENISE LEVERTOV

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ery is the result of mutations that have arisen in the past; more mutations will mean more human misery." In any case, we are not talking of an end to all mutation—a situation quite beyond our power—but of refraining from increasing the mutation rate by our own deliberate acts.

Now what about atom-bomb tests? That is for the reader—the citizen—to decide. The authors provide the relevant estimates of radiation dosages which have been showered down upon us in the last few years, the estimated genetic changes caused by these radiations, the estimated number of individuals being harmed and the worth of these estimates. Thus far the probable figure for individuals damaged is not large, perhaps a few hundred each year out of a total world population of three billions. Small? But still too many? If not too many, then how many would be too many? That is what we can all be asked to decide. For that is why these scientists wrote this book; to make us think about our own present and speculate upon the future of our children. And they end by pointing to a vision: "the eventual need to control and direct the evolution of our own species. All biological species have evolved, but only man knows that he has evolved. The evolution of all life in the past has been controlled by natural selection. It now seems that man neither can nor need rely on natural selection alone; the genetic effects of radiation are in part responsible for this change. For natural selection, man must substitute a conscious direction based on knowledge. The requisite knowledge will soon be forthcoming; let us hope that wisdom lags not too far behind."

What's Right with Poetry?

Walker Gibson

IN A savage article on a recent front page of *The New York Times Book Review,* subtitled "What's Wrong with Poetry?," Karl Shapiro has called modern verse "ailing," "sick," "a diseased art." He charges it with "a tangle of subtleties and grotesques and the obscurantism for which it is famous," and blames an academic-critical "officialdom" with its "adoration of what is past." There is, he says, some hope from new poets who "are turning away from criticism and the dictatorship of the criticism journals"; "they are seeking to regain spontaneity and the use of the human voice," though they are admittedly also "brutal, illiterate and hysterical."

No doubt there is something in all this. But the violence and publicity of Mr. Shapiro's attack can do poetry no good: people who have never been moved by a poem more recent than "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" can now claim Shapiro, the eminent poet, as their ally. Since a number of such people may be coming forward to tell us once again why they hate modern poetry, someone ought to try saying why he loves it.

In a modern poem, then, we hear the voice of one who has known, as you and I have known, the chaos, discomfort, wonder, joy and inexpressibility of everyday raw experience. In a good modern poem we see, often with amusement, sometimes with sympathetic horror, the wild and weird paradoxes that confront us in our own fast, fierce, everyday lives. But we see them ordered and artful; we hear them expressed. "O wonderful nonsense of lotions of Lucky Tiger," as Shapiro himself begins a well-known poem. The repeated patterns of the poet's music remind us that he is also a singer, an entertainer, one listening to the noises of his own words, with all the modesty as to their omniscience that this implies. Modern poetry is therefore practical, I should think, in the strictest sense, for when we turn from the poem and back to our own messy lives, it is to find there a million sensations potentially meaningful, susceptible to order, if we could only manage it. Quite literally, we must make of life more than we made before.

I UTTER these elementary remarks not to argue with anybody — for how could you disagree? — but only to remind myself of a place to stand in confronting the first six volumes in Macmillan's excellent new series of paperbound books of verse.* I have been reading them with Mr. Shapiro's criticism in mind, and it has become harder and harder to understand, at

**Graffiti* by Ramon Guthrie, 72 pp., $1; *Scrimshaw* by Winfield Townley Scott, 72 pp., $1.25; *The Self-Made Man* by Reed Whittemore, 79 pp., $1.25; *The Crow and the Heart* by Hayden Carruth, 93 pp., $1.50; *Walls and Distances* by David Galler, 64 pp., $1; *Out in the Open* by Katherine Hoskins, 99 pp., $1.25. All published by Macmillan.

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least from this evidence, what Mr. Shapiro thinks he is talking about.

Take, for instance, Ramon Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie, who, in his sixties, is the oldest poet among the six, teaches French at Dartmouth and does not hesitate to refer to Balzac, Rimbaud, the Visigoths, the Etruscans, baroque architecture and other such learned matters. He has plenty of "subtleties and grotesques" and sometimes he is even obscure, so that he seems—till you read him — to be the very academic poet that Mr. Shapiro so despises. But what a "human voice"! He must be one of those new "spontaneous" poets after all, for the poems in *Graffiti* are filled with excitement, swearing, sex and plain fun. The fact is that, for Mr. Guthrie, learning and liveliness are so rigorously mingled that Rough Tough Life keeps barreling into the library in a way that is characteristic of much good modern verse. If this is academic, make the most of it. Dramatizing himself repeatedly as a clown, Mr. Guthrie takes off against the world with a marvelous madness that only half conceals a serious sensibility. "Were you *there*," he asks, "for Christ's entry into Brussels?"

> *I* was! Oh, the banners,
> Oh, the bunting,
> Oh, the bands! Oh, I
> tiered in bustle, top-hat, feather boa
> and freshly furbished fleer!
>
> The voice of the Lord spoke out of a whirlwind:
> I answered Him out of a cyclone cellar.

Of these six poets, the name of Winfield Townley Scott carries the widest reputation, and *Scrimshaw* certainly reinforces it. If his poems lack some of the charm of Mr. Guthrie's, they also avoid Mr. Guthrie's excesses, and they do what they do with great skill and a deep sense of personal commitment. Mr. Scott too is no ignorer of life's vulgarity and toughness, as his recent narrative poem *The Dark Sister* amply demonstrated. But his special gift as a lyricist is to concentrate on a single modest experience of everyday life and make it richly significant for us. After the green leaves fell from the tree, he tells us, the tree became "a moment blue," occupied by jays.

> Green the tree had been; then gold—
> For days gold; now a moment blue.

The poet responds with a simplicity of vocabulary and a depth of feeling that are very moving:

> If I grow old—I came to know this—
> The world I die from can never be
> The world most mine.

Finally:

> The tree flies green to somebody's other dream.

Mr. Scott is neither an academician nor a wild new voice. We had better call him simply a good poet.

The poems of Reed Whittemore again suggest the difficulties of Mr. Shapiro's handsome categories, for here is a poet who is also (like Shapiro) an editor, critic and college teacher, seemingly a member of the hated academy. But Mr. Whittemore's well-known voice conveys precisely an anti-stuffy "spontaneity" that makes talk of a critical officialdom look silly. For one thing he is a great poet of domestic life.

> The noses are running at our house.
> Like faucets. Wild horses.
> Otherwise it is quiet here;
> There is nothing afoot except
> Lassie . . .

He is autobiographical and personal; sometimes he is learned; above all he is funny. But even when his words are most ironic, we can hear, as in most good light verse, something that tells us he means deeply what he says.

> Here is a beautiful world full of beautiful, beautiful
> Unwritten poems (in every ephemeral flower),
> Which, as I understand it, are mine to transcribe
> Into beautiful written poems for all time to admire.

Like any poet who is being funny a good deal of the time, Mr. Whittemore inevitably slips sometimes. When he does, his difficulty is not that he is too academic or intellectual, but that he is not quite academic enough, and has let himself get away with an effect that his critical self might have saved him from.

The remaining three poets must be briefly dealt with. Hayden Carruth is a particularly skillful craftsman, some of whose lines sound like young Tennyson. ("He eyes November when the hills of umber / In utter autumn sleep, sodden and somber.") Many of his poems are concerned directly with insanity, life in the asylum, and perhaps this is evidence that modern poetry is "sick," but I doubt it. Mr. Carruth succeeds when he controls his subject with consistent literary discipline, as when he forces meanings of "asylum" until "ultimately asylum is the soul / Where reason curls like a nut in wrinkled sleep." David Galler is a talented young poet whose gift of language is unquestioned. This early in his career he seems to me to suffer from unrelieved solemnity, some over-complicated grammar, and a tend-

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ency to be more interested in the psychological meanings of his scenes than in the scenes themselves. But Mr. Galler's is a rebellious voice and no joking about it: "My snout cannot stand the stench of milk and honey / That flows dark brown from the big desk of money." Katherine Hoskins' *Out in the Open* contains much religious poetry; an archaic vocabulary and old-fashioned word order are part of her method. She desires "to arrive / Mayhap at its essence" — and I am frankly not always sure where that is, but there is nothing conventional about it. Immediately other vocabulary intrudes: "Cry the Psyche doctors, / Eroticism; / Decry they should not viator / So far come." This is complex and pessimistic verse, composed with considerable passion, and though Miss Hoskins is, I understand, no academic, her poems may be as close to Mr. Shapiro's "academy" as any in this series.

But the point is that none of these poets is easy to classify under Mr. Shapiro's terms, and if we are ready to accept the evidence of "The Macmillan Poets," modern poetry isn't "sick" at all. It is varied, it is deeply felt, it is lively and funny, solemn and passionate. It looks pretty healthy to me.

WALKER GIBSON, director of Freshman English at New York University, is a poet whose work has appeared in two collected volumes — The Reckless Spenders *and* Come As You Are.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SAUL LEVITT'S *The Andersonville Trial* (Henry Miller) provides an absorbing evening in the theatre. It is an account of the case brought in 1865 by the government of the United States against Henry Wirz, a Confederate officer in charge of the prison camp at Andersonville, Georgia, where some 14,000 Union soldiers died because of the hellish treatment to which they were subjected.

Wirz's defense is that he was under strict orders from his superior to enforce inhuman discipline. Lieut. Col. Chipman, the Judge Advocate, or prosecuting counsel, maintains—to the discomfiture of the military men who conduct the trial—that Wirz was morally bound to disobey his commanding officer. Wirz is found guilty and is sentenced to death.

In its stage presentation the case is tried with unusual intensity, intelligence and human interest. What is at stake is the still contemporary issue—as the Nuremberg trials showed—of responsibility in the punishment of men whose brutal acts are governed by state authority.

The audience and certainly a critic ought to hold some firm view in considering such a problem, even when it is raised in the theatre. I am opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances, though I should confess that it has not been easy for me to come to this conclusion. I would not have permitted myself to vote for the death sentence even for Hitler—though I believe he is the only man I have ever in my life truly hated.

For this reason I was inclined to feel, or hope, that what *The Andersonville Trial* was saying represented an echo of my own conviction that the execution of Wirz or any such person in a similar situation is wrong. But the play suffers from ambiguities both in its writing and in its interpretation.

The audience at the end of the play also seemed dissatisfied though not, I believe, for the reasons that troubled me. I suspect that the audience was disturbed by the condemnation of Wirz because it felt that he was an ordinary "Joe," very much like the rest of us, and should not be punished for failing to act as a hero. He was pitied because he appeared doomed no matter what course he took.

THE play is not sufficiently clear on the main point: we do not know whether the court pronounced its death sentence on the moral issue — as the Judge Advocate demanded — or simply because it had to respond to public indignation and a desire for vengeance against an unfortunate symbol of the enemy's war "crimes." In other words, the play begs the question it has raised, leaves it in fact distressingly up in the air.

Another factor contributing to confusion is the intention of George C. Scott's performance — otherwise excellent — as the Judge Advocate. Though the author makes it plain that Chipman's loathing of Wirz arises chiefly from the advocate's abhorrence of the institution of slavery as part of the Confederate cause, Scott plays the part

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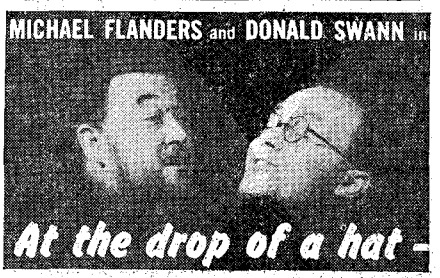

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with a fanaticism that suggests personal sadism rather than the inspiration of a zealot. It would appear that Chipman hit upon the moral issue, not because he possessed a truly Christian conscience, but because he thought he could devise no surer way of getting Wirz hanged.

The production — aptly designed by Will Armstrong, carefully and incisively directed by Jose Ferrer — is well cast throughout and very convincingly acted by Herbert Berghof, Albert Dekker, Ian Keith and Russell Hardie. It may be objected that several of the actors — Berghof and Scott particularly — force their souls (or strain their muscles) overmuch. One does not usually enjoy seeing actors perspire with effort or bruise their knuckles as they pound the stage properties. But if this is a fault it is one I am prepared to forgive in this instance, not only on grounds of naturalism — people don't always behave nicely in court — but also because our theatre tends more often to err toward a mildness which is unfeeling, as well as undramatic, rather than toward an excess which is at least theatrically expressive. I prefer ham to mush.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE difference between non-objectivity and realism is not so simple as it seems. This shows in the current exhibitions of Elmer Bischoff at the Staempfli Gallery and of Robert Goodnough at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

Bischoff's exhibition of painting is his first in New York. His art is entirely in its performance. He is the most magnificent performer of all the Californians seen in this city who have given up abstraction in favor of realism. Painting as performance is something that he shares with Kline (who gave up realism for non-objectivity), and it relates to Sargent. The paintings are large, many more than six feet square, very broad, as if he used no brush less than two inches wide, and he has a color sense that makes no mistakes. Each area from bright to gray is a thick, wet mixture without a single muddy spot. His subjects are landscapes and interiors with women. In the earlier paintings especially, form is paint determined by courageous control of its powerful flow. *Houses and Hills*, which keeps rocking, is like the successful carrying out of a wager that he will navigate the painting into port through the roughest seas.

My wife remarked that the paintings have an Edwardian dash, as of a glove thrown down upon a table. The challenge that he throws down is this, that he knows exactly where everything is, especially where one thing ends and another begins; in short that he knows where the connections are. However, in the later work the paint does not always lie on the form, and there are sharp dry places of conflict between paint and subject, as though a failure of energy made him slip into unconscious illustration. The conscious feeling may be a wish not to spoil what is already achieved.

The strange thing about his realism is that the "things" in his latest pictures tend to lose their reality — just because they have lost a firmness of form — with the exception of his beautiful skies of liquid light. The figures are less real in so far as they are more actual, and so is the ground. Something trivial has taken over, as in the gestures in *Figures in Vermilion Light*, which are so incidental that the women themselves do not matter any more. *Figure by the Sea*, quite opposite to an Impressionistic painting, looks more like a sketch at a distance than it does close by, and this renders its size meaningless.

IN MY opinion, Goodnough's new show is his best. He is completely "non-objective" (representing no recognizable object), but instead of a continuum where forms flow into each other until their separateness is lost, his paintings are full of concreteness. Spherical triangles swirl in a paper storm, or long, curved vertical strokes detached from each other are set against gray, as in *Odysseus*. Though his paintings are the same size as Bischoff's large ones, they do not look especially large, nor do they look smaller from a distance. Their apparent size and weight do not vary, because their objective (in the sense of external) reality is too fixed. When they are called after classical names the composition is derived from an analysis of a classical sculpture; or else the flow of red, white, blue and gray paper scraps in curve and counter-curve describes the principle of Venetian composition, in a way comparable to the way music describes visual sensations. The paintings called *Summer* have the motion of leaves growing and falling, plus all the stir of weather (as in a movie about plant growth) to make a ballet out of what summer means. Goodnough's colors are conventional, like the colors of a parade. He makes a generality out of what the painting may refer to.

Bischoff takes a specific moment, a finger on the nose, a temporary hesitation and generalizes it; and his generalizations have the weakness, even the unpleasantness, of those plaster casts of human and animal bodies made from the holes in the lava of Herculaneum. The gestures of Bischoff's figures are the gestures of people overtaken. His emphasis on the incidental emphasizes its meaninglessness. Goodnough particularizes the idea. Which painter better makes you feel the reality of the particular? Goodnough, unlike most non-objective painters today, derives from Cubism rather than from Impressionistic performance. He is old-fashioned. Out of concepts he makes equivalents of concreteness. Bischoff's background in non-objective painting could be a background of disbelief in academic humanism. Goodnough describes his belief in the culture of the past with spherical triangles, or Cézanne's or Mondrian's thin strokes, while Bischoff determines the limits of the expressiveness of pigments suspended in linseed oil.

GOODNOUGH is not so sure as Bischoff as to where connections are, and so he makes more sure. Because he is not a virtuoso, he must be clear. If his decisions are ambiguous, it is between definite choices, like, this is before, *or* it is behind. It is the ambiguity of eighteenth-century verse. Bischoff's ambiguities are those of vagueness: it does not matter to him whether something is before or behind so long as two adjacent colors connect. Bischoff is a romantic in the sense that what is real is himself even more than any canvas. He is a personality, celebrating his own good health. Goodnough is full of respect for tradition which he uses freely for new formal ends.

Our Lucy

Small as a fox and like
a little fox but black,
  our Lucy's white teeth grin
  among the rushes green.

The feathers of her plume
flutter in the warm
  winds that fitfully blow
  from the Gulf of Mexico,

and like a machine-gun
her barking through the pine
  echoes where people have
  set foot in our grove:

"Quiet, Lucy. They
may bring us news today,
  or if thieves they may
  drop something on the way."

PAUL GOODMAN

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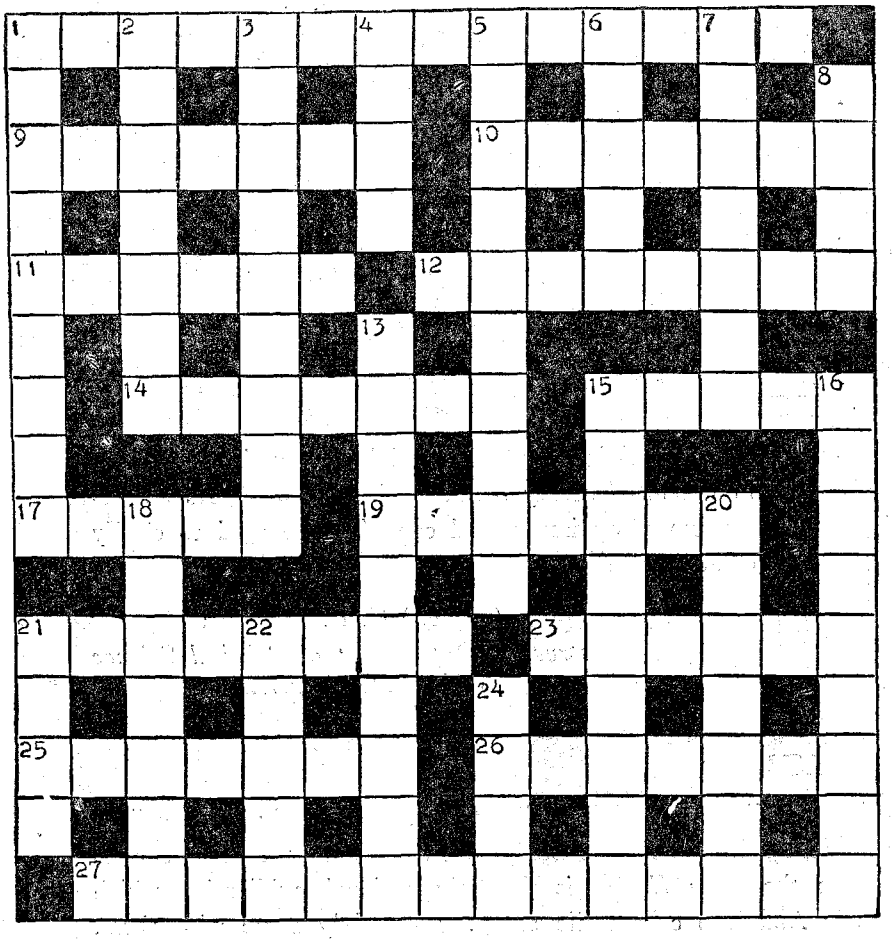
Crossword Puzzle No. 851

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mail from Upper Slobovia's seat of government, but not in case of the lower! (7, 7)
9 Talk about shaking one's fist! It's one way to give you what you ask for! (7)
10 One might not be so frequent as a roller along about now. (7)
11 Our years split apart without proper guidance. (6)
12 The sort of things one doesn't want on one's 5? (8)
14 Does his activity take a religious turn? (7)
15 and 17 Teams confuse a lady's style! (10)
19 Where one might find a broken rib to be like Sputnik? (2, 5)
21 This makes quite an impression, but isn't the only thing affecting the value of collection. (8)
23 A game follower, particularly in tight places. (6)
25 Like Langerhans, rather illiberal? (7)
26, 27, and 6 down Evidently nothing in the game is very colorful. (4, 2, 1, 4,-10, 5)

DOWN:

1 A scar's curved around and doesn't spread good news. (9)
2 Affectionately stroke a species of deer, when exhausted. (7)
3 It's a job for the Church of England, or part of the navy! (4, 5)
4 They might involve old air deposits. (4)
5 Once he cuts it, it should have 12. (10)
6 See 26
7 Playwright as a poor alternative to what Custer had at last. (7)
8 See 22
13 Might be going on back to the harvest, when applied to the side of the mount. (6, 4)
15 Skate, perhaps, and what it did in 3 when used for the purpose. (9)
16 Suggests a misdeal for the words of the dictator. (9)
18 In the trade ads, each should be taken with a lot of salt! (4, 3)
20 Irish or Scotch, for example. (7)
21 Common for prison activity. (4)
22 and 8 A bird with a little money is likely to consider the bright side! (9)
24 Hamlet's home, in or out! (4)

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